

# The Listener

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*Drawn for THE LISTENER by Roderic Barrett*

Autumn Book Number





*The Romans, now apparently lacking further divinities after which the months could be named, simply called this Eighth Month having begun their year in March. Regrettably, they continued on this unimaginative course to the end of the year.*

Heredity is an odd thing. The gourmet, savouring the pleasures of pheasant, of nuts and wine, of Doyenne de Comice (that queen of all dessert pears) owes something of his pleasure to those Saxon forbears whose appreciation of such things led them to name this the Month of Wine. And the Soccer enthusiast, now well into his form, has something in common with the men who came over with Caesar. Look in at any big match. The spectacle differs only in degree from a gala performance at the Coliseum; and you will hear, showered with fine impartiality upon the contestants, advice of a kind which every gladiator who ever had an off-day would surely recognise. Fortunately, this advice is seldom practical and rarely heeded... and therein it differs most markedly from that which Midland Bank daily provides for thousands of its customers.

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# The Listener

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## Problems of a European Common Market

By AIDAN CRAWLEY

**A**FTER spending most of the summer on the Continent, I think what has impressed me most is the determination of the leaders both in industry and in politics to establish the European Common Market, though each country has different hopes and different fears. In France, if one is amongst trade unionists, one finds that, in spite of the terms of the Treaty, they are still worried that their social security system may be undermined by lower benefits and lower payments in neighbouring countries. Employers, on the other hand, take exactly the opposite view. They are afraid that it may take too long for German and Belgian and Dutch social security payments to reach the French level and that, therefore, they will be handicapped by having to make these payments and that their prices may be not competitive.

On the other hand, hopes in France are very high. They hope to sell more food to their neighbours. Indeed, they have already made arrangements to do so. More important, they hope that their difficulties in their colonial territories, particularly in Algiers, will become a European rather than a purely French problem. The fact that, under the Treaty, the other countries, particularly Germany, have guaranteed that they will invest money in the French Colonies and that the Colonies are coming into the Common Market, does give the French some grounds for believing that this will be brought about. Lastly, less openly expressed, I think, but widespread, is the hope that at long last the ancient quarrel with the Germans will really be settled and that once the Common Market is established it will be impossible for the French and Germans ever to fight each other again.

When you cross the frontier into Germany you meet some of the opposite fears. The Germans are afraid that by underwriting the French Colonies they have let themselves in for backing what many of them feel is a reactionary colonial system. They are rather afraid that they will lose the advantage, which has been considerable in trade, of not being dubbed an imperialist power. On the other hand, German hopes are even higher than the French. As the greatest industrial country on the Continent, they hope that the big market will do them more good than anybody else. Indeed, they have every justification of hoping so.

Secondly, they hope that the Common Market will mean that Western Germany is finally and indissolubly bound to the West. They have been afraid ever since the war of two things: first, that there might arise again some extreme aggressive Nationalist German party within their own territory which would once more vitiate their relations with all their neighbours and perhaps precipitate another war: and, secondly, that the reunification of East and West Germany might come about only on the condition that Germany became a sort of vacuum in the middle, a neutral country, or, indeed, that Germany had to go closer to Russia. Now, all Germans feel that the Common Market is a guarantee against this, and that, whatever happens, and however reunification comes about, it can never mean the separation of Germany from the West.

With the Belgians, the matter is much simpler. They are free traders; they want freer trade as fast as they can have it. The Dutch, with slight differences in emphasis, feel much the same. The Italians, perhaps, have the most fears, because nearly all



their industries have been built up under protection of some kind or other. But all Italians, on the other hand, at all levels—whether one is talking to a peasant or a manufacturer—have great belief in their own ingenuity. One kept on meeting that phrase everywhere. Their hopes are high for two reasons: first, they believe their unemployment problem may be cured—there are about 4,000,000 unemployed in south Italy alone. Under this Treaty, within a year or two, these people should have the right to move wherever they like within the six countries of the Common Market; not, as they have today, with permits—only moving for so long to such and such a place—but on a passport as if it were their own country. Finally, they hope, too, that the Common Market will be an insurance against the Italian Communist Party ever being able to dominate Italy.

But, however different the fears and hopes in each country, they are all absolutely determined to put the Common Market through. I left the Continent with no doubt in my mind not only that it is going to be ratified but that it is going to work.

Coming back across the Channel, you feel a change. Britain is no less serious about the Common Market. Some of the preparations which organisations like the Federation of British Industries or the trade unions have made, and some of the investigations, have been perhaps even more thorough than those of their continental neighbours. But you do not find the same unity and intensity of purpose. In Britain there are broadly three views. First, there is the isolationist view championed by Lord Beaverbrook and his press; it is strong in places like Manchester and the textile world. This group believes that if only Britain would expand its trade with the Colonies it can disregard the rest of the world. It is going to be a vocal group but I doubt if it will be very effective. In the first place, the Commonwealth is changing, and as each Colony becomes independent and wishes to industrialise itself, it wishes to buy machinery in the cheapest market. If Britain cannot provide the goods as cheaply as other countries it is not going to have a preference. Secondly, the Commonwealth Prime Ministers themselves, when they were in London this summer, rather took the wind out of the sails of the isolationists because they definitely encouraged the British Government to go

ahead and link itself closer to Europe, in the belief that what is good for Britain will be good for the Commonwealth in the long run.

The second view is based mainly on fear. The President of the National Union of Manufacturers said to me that in his view the Common Market was more dangerous to this country than anything Hitler or Napoleon had ever done. I think this view is widespread. But the trouble about it is that, being based on fear, it tends to exaggerate the difficulties and to concentrate only on them. The representations which the National Union of Manufacturers have received have mainly been about the difficulties that people anticipate.

The third group, which is also widespread, regards the Common Market as Britain's great opportunity: great, first, economically, because we are an industrial country and a bigger market should mean that we would gain more from it than almost anyone else except possibly the Germans: secondly, politically, because they believe our prestige in Europe is high and that we might indeed be able to remain the centre of the Commonwealth and lead Europe: and, thirdly, they have the vision of Europe taking its place again as the leader of civilisation—with 250,000,000 of the most skilled people in the world creating the wealthiest and most powerful area.

There is no question which group predominates. It is this third group. Hence the British plan for a Free Trade Zone. I believe this plan will go through. I do not believe that agriculture is the difficulty it has been made out to be. Nobody wants free trade in agriculture and I do not believe we shall have any difficulty in agreeing on mutual methods of protection. After all, Europe wants Britain and wants Britain as the centre of the Commonwealth—that the Commonwealth and the sterling area will be more closely associated with Europe is a great advantage. Britain is Europe's best customer: the continental countries do not want Britain to look elsewhere to buy its goods. So, within the next three months, I believe that a Free Trade Area will be negotiated and that a process will have been begun that within ten years may transform Europe and perhaps open the greatest period of its history.—*General Overseas Service*

## Revising the Japanese Constitution

By BURNARD SELBY

IN the last few days, there has been a revival of discussion and controversy in Japan about proposals to revise the constitution. Ever since the end of the American occupation in 1950, the question of revising the constitution has kept coming up. The conservatives who have been in power throughout these years in Japan have put forward a number of suggestions about changes they would like to see in the constitution. They dislike particularly the clause which renounces the right to use force or the threat of force and denies Japan the right to maintain an army. They also would like the first article of the constitution about the position of the Emperor to be revised along more traditional Japanese lines. The constitution describes the Emperor as the 'Symbol of the State' and it says that he derives his position from the will of the people.

These clauses about renouncing armaments and about the status of the Emperor have been strongly criticised by some Japanese conservative scholars as being out of keeping with the position of Japan as a sovereign state with a long imperial history. They complain that the constitution, which is barely ten years old, was introduced not only at the instigation but also under the direct editing of the American authorities in the occupation headquarters of the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers. The terms of the 1947 constitution are so different from the terms of the Japanese Meiji constitution which had been in force since 1889 that it is widely believed in Japan to have been originally written in English and then translated into Japanese. The preamble does in fact read like a paraphrase of the American constitution, and

there seems little doubt that many of the advisers who worked with General MacArthur in S.C.A.P. were seeking to graft American liberal concepts on to Japan's permanent institutions. With the passing of the occupation, it was natural that this experiment should be re-examined to see whether the facts of Japanese political life could accommodate a set of principles based on the historical experience of a different society.

But constitutional revision is not merely an academic exercise. It is bound up with the live-issues of current politics. For over a year the Japanese Government has been trying to set up a research council to examine the constitution and recommend changes in it if it thinks fit. But it was not until last month that the Council came into being. The delay is partly accounted for by the preoccupation with ending the state of war with Russia last year and by the changes in the leadership of the Japanese Government since last December. But the main reason for the delay in forming the Research Council has been the resistance of the Japanese socialist party and its supporters. Out of an original membership of forty-nine seats which was planned for the Research Council, only ten were to be allotted to the socialist party as compared with eighteen members of the Government party and nineteen scholars and experts. The Research Council is to make decisions by a majority, and as most of the members are conservatives or independent scholars there would not be any likelihood of the socialists with just under one-fifth of the seats being able to sway the Research Council. The socialist party has recently announced that it will continue to boycott the Research Council



and it claims that the very existence of the body is a violation of the constitution.

If the Council were in a position to enforce any recommendations which it might make, the socialist charge would be fully justified. But the Research Council will have to defer to the Diet—the Japanese parliament—when it comes to carrying out its suggestions. The constitution says clearly that amendments can be made only through the support of two-thirds of the members of each House of Parliament and then have to be submitted to a popular vote either at a referendum or at an election fought solely on this issue. As the socialist party has more than one-third of the seats in the Upper House of the Japanese parliament, they are in a position to prevent an amendment which they dislike.

The socialist party does dislike very much the proposals for changing the clauses about the imperial status and the renunciation of armed force. They regard these clauses as a guarantee against returning to the pre-war authoritarian pattern of Japanese politics, with its use of the Emperor's name to enforce thought control, a rigid family system, and a policy of military adventures abroad. They can point to the way in which the powers which the local authorities were given under the American occupation laws have been gradually eroded by the growth of the central Government's influence.

But there are so many new guarantees of liberalism in Japan that it would be difficult for any party or group to restore the old pattern of the nineteen-thirties. The trade-union movement is

strong and active. Japanese newspapers and periodicals have become used to expressing themselves freely and vigorously. Any attempt to restrict their freedom of comment seems likely to meet with strong resistance. And Japanese women would fight a strong rearguard action against any attempt to revive the old family system.

The Japanese conservatives argue that fears of a return to the pre-war atmosphere in Japan are groundless. It seems to many observers that the leaders of the liberal democratic party would be reluctant to call in the support of the ultra-nationalists who do still survive below the surface of politics. To call on such unpredictable allies in a campaign for constitutional revision would be a risk which Mr. Kishi may well not wish to take. He appears to be placing his hopes in the Research Council, with the idea that its proceedings will stimulate public interest in making the Japanese constitution fit nearer to the facts of political life. Why, he could argue, maintain a defence force of 200,000 men if you cannot call them an army because your constitution prohibits it? But that such arguments will convince the sceptics is rather unlikely.

In the past, many people in Japan have felt that what really mattered was the set of principles which guided their way of life. The idealism of Bushido—of chivalry—was corrupted by its misuse to further military ambitions. Should the ideal of a peaceful unarmed democracy be subjected to the stresses and strains of political controversy now, or is it better to maintain it as an ideal—to be sought after if not yet achieved?—*London Calling Asia*

## The Problem of Kashmir

By SIR CONRAD CORFIELD

**W**HY is there still a Kashmir problem and not an Indian States problem? I refer, of course, to Indian States as they used to be under the old regime, not the provinces which are now called states. I think the answer is simple: it is because no other Indian State except Kashmir sat astride the line of partition which we drew in 1947 in order to divide India into two new Dominions. That is why the other States have been absorbed into one or other of those two new countries by a mixture of pressure, persuasion, and patriotism, whilst Kashmir still remains a problem.

This simple answer, which I hope to justify, does not, however, simplify the problem at this stage, ten years after partition. In the eyes of India, the Kashmir State is part of their country, though certain portions have been illegally occupied by Pakistan. In the eyes of Pakistan, the Kashmir State is a Muslim majority area which rightly belongs to them. So far as the Commonwealth is concerned, the Kashmir State has given rise to an unfortunate dispute between two members, who in other ways contribute so much to the value of this growing family of nations. In the eyes of the United Nations, I presume the Kashmir State has provided one of those many intractable problems with which its

agenda is littered and which she has so signally failed to solve.

How has this come about? To answer this we must return to 1946, that is to say, prior to the transfer of power in India, when the future position of each Indian State was governed by the Cabinet Mission Memorandum on States' Treaties and Paramountcy. Briefly, this Memorandum laid down, first that all rights surrendered by the States to the Paramount Power would return to them; secondly, that existing economic and financial arrangements would require a stand-still agreement; and, thirdly, that future political arrangements would require negotiation with the new Dominions. This Memorandum, which was quoted as part of every plan framed from that date for the transfer of power, was accepted by the Congress leaders, the Muslim League, and the Chamber Princes, though its implications were not fully realised, certainly by the Congress leaders and even by the Princes at first, owing to preoccupation with the problems of British India.

In view of the terms of this Memorandum, the two most important States so far as the future integration of the two Dominions was concerned were Kashmir and Hyderabad. Kashmir was a Muslim majority area with a Hindu ruler, and Hyderabad a Hindu majority area with a Muslim ruler. If these



Fields near Nowshera, Kashmir (north-west of Jammu)



two States had been encouraged to negotiate with the two prospective Dominions as twin facets of a single problem, there was every possibility of give and take between India and Pakistan and a peaceful solution. Unfortunately no such encouragement was given, as Lord Mountbatten did not see eye to eye with his official advisers on this important point, and the result was the incorporation of Hyderabad by force and a continuing Kashmir problem in spite of force.

How did this come about? Let us consider the legitimate interests with which the two Dominions were concerned in dealing with these two States. India was not only anxious about sources of water in Kashmir for its irrigation systems but also over its international frontier in this area, and Mr. Nehru was also anxious that his ancestral homeland, the Kashmir Valley, should remain within the dominion of India. Pakistan was similarly anxious about sources of water but more so about the access to its north-eastern border which control of the Kashmir State gave to any other Power. Moreover, the Kashmir State was a Muslim majority area and should, in view of the bargain inherent in partition, fall within Pakistan's sphere. As for Hyderabad, India was averse 'to allowing a foreign power to remain in the belly of India'. That is the phrase that Mr. Vallabhai Patel used when referring to the problem. Pakistan would have wished Hyderabad to continue under the rule of the Nizam if only as a counter to India's claim to Kashmir.

After the transfer of power came the pressure of events. Just as on a wave of communal feeling the Muslim minority was driven from East Punjab, so in Jammu, the Hindu majority area of Kashmir, the Muslims were driven from their homes. The north-west frontier tribes of Pakistan, stirred by the sufferings of these refugees and incited to a holy war for their protection, advanced on the Kashmir Valley and nearly took it. The ruler of Kashmir adhered to the Dominion of India in a panic. His adherence was accepted for the whole of his State, and Indian Army troops recaptured the Kashmir Valley. The acceptance of this adherence was entirely legal on the assumption, as stated by His Majesty's Government, that each ruler had complete freedom to choose. On this assumption the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Nawab of Junagadh had the same right but they ruled Hindu majority areas and in their cases it was logic and not legality which decided the issue. In any case, from the moment force was used in Kashmir, the probability or, shall I say, possibility, of a balanced solution of the twin problems of Hyderabad and Kashmir expired. What caused these developments?

To appreciate the background we must return to the days before the transfer of power when the new Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten, was appointed to arrange the terms on which the transfer could be made. Lord Mountbatten dealt with the position as a Dutch auction. What was Mr. Jinnah's price? Answer: partition, because ever since 1937, the date of the introduction of provincial autonomy when Muslims who would not sign the Congress ticket were refused a share in the provincial cabinets, Mr. Jinnah decided that the position of a permanent opposition out of power was not for him. What was the Congress' price? Answer: power over all

India at a very early date, plus all the imperial agencies on which that power rested.

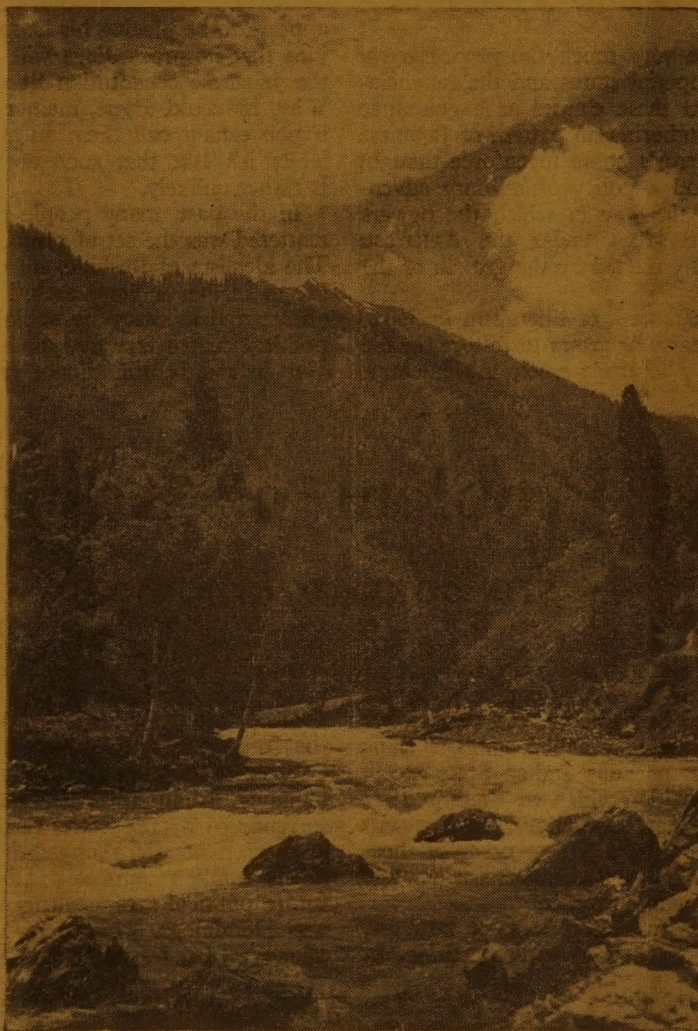
The auction having been concluded, the final bargain included partition on the basis of religious majority areas. This was not a British solution. Indeed it cut across all the wishes and desires of the British connection and all previous Viceroys, to the best of my knowledge; certainly Lord Wavell disapproved of any policy which threw the onus of dividing India on His Majesty's Government. But partition had a logical basis, namely the presumed consent of the majority of the inhabitants in each area, based on their religion. Should we not be able to assume that acceptance of partition, however unwilling, included accep-

tance of its logic? This has clearly not been the case so far as Kashmir has been concerned, and yet it was this logic of presumed consent which provided India with its justification for absorbing Hyderabad and Junagadh. Moreover, presumed consent is the basis of the very existence of Pakistan, and in their view must remain an inviolate principle. After all, the fact that the Punjab was a part of British India on the transfer of power and Kashmir was an Indian State is an accident of history. Had Kashmir, as it might very well have done, become a part of the Punjab Province under British rule, the line of partition between the new Dominions would have proceeded northwards from the Punjab to divide Kashmir too, and this division would have been based on the presumed consent of the majority of its inhabitants.

Is this logic of partition no longer applicable? Take India's claim. On the legal side it cannot be disputed, on the assumption that a ruler was entitled to commit all his subjects of whatever persuasion. We must also concede that the desire of those at present in power in India is to establish a secular state, but we must remember that India's independence came into being through accepting as part of a difficult bargain a contrary

principle, and that though a non-communal regime has always been the avowed intention of the Indian Congress, the experience of the Muslim minority ever since 1937, has been that it is not a reality. What is Pakistan's reply to India's admittedly legal claim and secular intentions? First, that the legality lacks logic in the light of Hyderabad's treatment; second, that the very existence of Pakistan stems from the past failure of Congress to implement its policy of a secular regime and that an admission that it could be implemented would provide India with just the excuse it might need to re-absorb Pakistan.

Is the problem therefore insoluble? If so, is it a problem which can be allowed to fester? It can clearly be solved only by compromise. I may be told that this is a particularly British answer as we solve all our problems by compromise; but if such problems in politics and in international politics are the art of the possible, then surely compromise in this case must be a solution which all parties should consider. If it is not solved by compromise, why should it be assumed that the surgery of war will not operate, merely with the lapse of time? War has been avoided so far, but the opportunities for friction in this area are so great that the danger could easily return. Water is the life-blood of both coun-



The river Liddar in the Kashmir Valley, east of Srinagar





tries; its supply for the growing needs of each partner can be and is being threatened, and a strongly guarded frontier is an invitation to incidents which can revive bitterness at very short notice. The cost of defences multiplied by suspicion means that essential economic progress may be endangered. The lapse of time may overlay the immediate dangers, it will not remove them. It may drive them deeper where the sore will gather poison. It will certainly provide a splendid excuse for any outside Power that may wish to fish in troubled waters. Is it not conceivable that if the Kashmir problem had not kept alive so many minor antagonisms between the two countries, their foreign policy would not have diverged so strongly? Had this occurred the tendency for this problem to obtrude at awkward moments might well have been reduced; even Commonwealth conferences face storms over this dispute, and the stability of Seato was hardly enhanced by the emergence of this problem at their conference in March last year. The earlier the compromise, therefore, the better for all concerned.

Of those concerned, surely the Commonwealth of which India and Pakistan are members is one. Another, too, is Britain, whose action in transferring power on the basis of partition was responsible in great measure for the present impasse. Can the Commonwealth continue to stand aside? It is true that there are other

disputes between members of the Commonwealth, but do they involve such delicate and far-reaching issues as may well arise from this confused area on the borders of Communist Powers? Is it not time that both India and Pakistan considered a fresh approach under Commonwealth auspices? International agencies have not only failed to assist but seem even to have hindered. Moreover, the Commonwealth is no longer, and will soon become very much less, a gathering of western nations. Would not India and Pakistan prefer the expanded Commonwealth to help? Would not a joint request for this help from them both be supported by public opinion in both countries? After all, Canada has had experience of communal problems, and any of the new members of the Commonwealth can be trusted to uphold national sovereignty if their representatives were asked to help with the work of furthering a compromise. But compromise can be secured only if logic is allowed to prevail over emotion. It will do so one day, I am sure, even if armed conflict intervenes: for logic presupposes the maintenance and protection of essential national interests. If these interests are secured by dealing with the problem on a logical basis and by an agreement to compromise, surely, in the end, emotion will be satisfied; and when emotion is satisfied, the carrying out of these agreements, arrived at under a process of compromise, is surely likely to be more successful.

I have tried to show that the logic of the past points to partition of the Kashmir State. Would partition, then, secure the legitimate national interests of both parties for the future? I believe it would if the compromise is achieved in two stages; the first, an acceptance of partition based on existing possession, combined with Commonwealth supervision for an interim period—supervision not control; the second, a final compromise on outstanding matters to be achieved during this period with Commonwealth help. During this interim period problems of water supply and defence and other legitimate interests can be safeguarded by agreement, suspicion can be allayed, and, perhaps most important of all, defence expenditure curtailed so that the plans which both countries wish to pursue for economic progress and development can be more easily financed and more quickly brought to bear fruit.

Is it impertinent for those who served and loved India for generations to interfere? My answer would be 'Yes', if a desire to promote an agreed compromise is interference, but if, as I believe to be the case, the interests of not only India and Pakistan but the future of the Commonwealth and perhaps the peace of the world are involved, then for an ex-servant of India to suggest a plan for an early compromise under Commonwealth auspices is a right and, I think, a duty; and if it should lead to any happy results it would certainly be an immeasurable reward.

—Third Programme

## Foreign Policy in the Nuclear Age

By MICHAEL HOWARD

FOR nearly five centuries, everyone except possibly the professional historian or student of political science has been shocked by the teachings of Machiavelli. His doctrine was that the real sanction of government was not divine law interpreted by legitimate authority but simply power, and that the basis of power was force. It was a notion appalling to the medieval mind; but Bacon did Machiavelli no more than justice when he praised him for showing, for the first time, how men actually did behave in society and not simply how they should.

The same can now be said about a young American historian, Dr. Henry A. Kissinger, whose recent book on *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*\* is perhaps the most penetrating and comprehensive work on international affairs to appear since the explosion at Hiroshima announced the advent of the nuclear age. Dr. Kissinger sets out to study the predicament in which American statesmen find themselves in attempting to combat the spread of Communist power; and in doing so he throws overboard all the

traditional liberal conceptions about the nature of international relations as cavalierly as Machiavelli disposed of the traditional medieval teaching about the nature of authority. For him the states of the world do not live naturally in a condition of amity and concord disturbed only by the aggression of criminals and maniacs. They live in a world in which only power counts, and that power involves the possession of force—force of a kind which one is able, and willing, to use.

There is nothing new about this teaching. It was on this assumption that the states of Europe—the Powers of Europe—conducted their relations until 1914; and one can discern in Dr. Kissinger's writing a certain nostalgia for the days of Metternich, about which he has elsewhere written a discerning account. But it is an assumption as foreign to the traditional American attitude to international affairs as it is repulsive to European liberals. The liberal creed, if I may call it that without any partisan implications, is that man is born at peace but is everywhere at war; and that the war arises not out of the nature of social organisation as

\* Oxford. 40s.



such but from the foolishness of governments, the vested interests of soldiers, the avarice of armaments manufacturers, or the criminal ambition of some individual potentate or power. Wars are caused only by 'aggression'. If we have to fight we do so as a crusade against evil, which can end only with the overthrow and arraignment of the guilty party; and once that has been done we can disarm and return to our natural condition of peace. For the liberal therefore all wars must be total wars: one does not compromise with criminals.

It is certainly difficult for us, living in our cosy and comparatively well-ordered society, not to believe that peace is the natural order of things and war something totally monstrous and unnatural. But it is just as difficult sometimes not to believe that the world is flat—and certainly no more absurd. We, that is the members of western society, have by our energy, our curiosity, and our acquisitiveness set on foot during the past 500 years the greatest social and economic transformation that the world has ever seen. How can we reasonably believe that this transformation has now been arrested at a point which suits our convenience? We have precipitated a revolution, and we cannot begin to see the consequences. Our apparent peace is merely the result of conflicting forces in momentary equilibrium; and if we are to survive, if we are to preserve what we value from the past and transmit our beliefs to the future, we must ensure that the forces favourable to this are going to be strong enough either to maintain our position or to ensure that any transformation it undergoes will not be utterly disastrous. Such strength has to include the ability to use effective force—and this is not the force of a policeman checking a criminal but the force of Powers locked in remorseless struggle, each firmly believing in its own righteousness. No renunciation of force can offer any escape. It merely eliminates the penalty for intransigence and, as Dr. Kissinger writes, 'places the international order at the mercy of its most ruthless or its most irresponsible member'. The experiences of the past twenty-five years should at least have taught us the truth of that.

### The Paradox of Our Time

But the paradox of our time is that the very magnitude of the force now at our disposal inhibits us from using it as an instrument of policy at all. The whole western conception of 'aggression' had led us to develop a military policy designed not so much to forward and protect our own interests in the most effective possible way, as to meet the most improbable of all eventualities—an overt and massive attack by communist forces on an area so vital to us that we would rather perish altogether than lose it. The bulk of our strategic thinking and a large proportion of the resources we are prepared to spare for defence have gone into the creation and maintenance of what is perhaps euphemistically called the Great Deterrent; but the very size and horror of the deterrent makes it useless except as a weapon of ultimate defence. It cannot be used as an instrument of any conceivable policy: indeed, the greater the size of the deterrent, the greater will be our inhibitions about using it at all, and the greater the boldness which our adversaries will be able to display. As a result, Dr. Kissinger maintains, the diplomacy of the West has had to dispense with the use of force altogether; and this has resulted not in an improvement but in a worsening of international relations—for 'the inability to use force', he points out, 'may perpetuate all disputes however trivial'.

Here I do think that Dr. Kissinger overstates his case. It is hard to recall any occasion during the past ten years, with the possible exception of the Communist *coup* in Czechoslovakia, when an overt challenge to the West has not been met by force or the threat of it; or any incident which the intervention of troops would have turned to our advantage. Would the situation in China, for example, have been improved in 1946 if the United States had intervened with conventional forces to support General Chiang Kai-shek? But in principle the argument is convincing. Our problem, he says, is to devise a strategy which 'can give an impetus to policy rather than paralyse it'; and 'strategy can assist policy', he writes, 'only by developing a maximum number of stages between total peace (which may mean total surrender) and total war'. In short, we must not be afraid of using war as an instrument of policy; but this will only be possible in the nuclear

age if we clear from our mind all idea of war as something inevitably total, inevitably aiming at the complete defeat of the enemy, and prepare ourselves instead to aim at limited objectives, to adopt a strategy directed at the armed forces of the enemy rather than at his civil and industrial potential, and to offer terms for a settlement which he can be reasonably expected to accept.

I am afraid that this will be condemned by many people as 'unrealistic nonsense'. And this criticism will be all the stronger in that Dr. Kissinger goes on to suggest that such wars might be conducted with nuclear weapons subject to certain mutually agreed restrictions devised to spare the homelands of the belligerents and, so far as possible, cities within the battle zone; and it must be admitted that Dr. Kissinger's discussion of the details of such restrictions carries at first sight about as much conviction as Erskine May's Rules of Parliamentary Procedure would if applied to a tribe just emerging from primitive barbarism. As Sir John Slessor once said of similar proposals advanced in this country: 'These are the sort of things that pundits may enjoy debating, but they do not make sense in real life'.

### Considering the Alternatives

But Sir John Slessor's proposition is arguable. All that he or anyone else can say is that they have not made sense in real life yet. Nor have we, in real life, had to meet the challenge of the hydrogen bomb. And we have no right to laugh Dr. Kissinger's well-reasoned thesis out of court until we have considered what the alternatives are.

We are dealing with a Power, or rather, as Dr. Kissinger shows by certain quotations from the works of Mao Tse-tung, with two Powers, which regard peace as the continuation of the struggle by other means, for whom no *détente* can be anything more than a truce, whose strategy is subtle and endlessly patient, and which only by the most crass of miscalculations are going to present us with a straightforward *casus belli*. A strategy whose emphasis lies on a deterrent involving mutual annihilation plays straight into their hands. It has now been publicly admitted on both sides of the Atlantic that we need an infinitely flexible range of weapons for defence and counter-attack, and that limited war is a real possibility. We have in fact already fought two, in Korea and Indo-China, and in both these cases the major Powers showed themselves willing to accept a limited defeat rather than raise the stakes any further.

In principle there is no reason why we should not continue along these lines, wage our limited wars with conventional forces and keep the distinction between total and limited war identical with the distinction between nuclear and non-nuclear weapons. But that is a course of action that we have already virtually abandoned. The Americans, determined to avoid at almost any cost another blood-bath like Korea, have made tactical atomic weapons a conventional part of their armoury, and Mr. Dulles has recently made it clear that they would not hesitate to use them. We in Britain, fed up with the *ennui* and the expense of conscription, have whittled down our capacity to fight limited wars and are also turning to nuclear weapons in an attempt to replace the manpower which we are unwilling to provide. Once we abandoned the attempt to match Russia and China with conventional forces the choice before us was no longer whether to use nuclear weapons or not: the question is now, whether some effort should be made to ensure in advance that our use of them for a limited object does not spark off a total war, or whether we shall simply go ahead, use them, and blindly hope for the best. It looks at the moment as if we have adopted the policy of blind hope. Dr. Kissinger's proposals may seem unrealistic, but this course of action seems simply suicidal. The burden does not now lie with Dr. Kissinger to prove that his proposals would work: it lies with those who condemn him to suggest a practical alternative.

### Indefinite Postponement?

The whole aim of our military policy should now surely be this: to support our diplomacy in protecting and furthering our interests throughout the world, and to do it so effectively that we can stave off for ever the moment when some sick and harassed Prime Minister—or, rather, President—is forced to choose between the sacrifice of some interest really vital to the nation and



the unleashing of forces which will not merely destroy the enemy and our own country, but will bring unimaginable disaster to the whole of mankind and its posterity. This moment can be postponed indefinitely only if we are able and willing to fight for peripheral areas, to keep our adversaries in play by resolute but moderate frontier warfare; and any reduction in our ability and our willingness to undertake this struggle brings the moment of decision disastrously nearer. We must, as it were, keep the ball away from our own goal; but at the same time we must not try to score ourselves, because any threat to the enemy's goal is going to impose on him the same agonising choice. And here Dr. Kissinger puts forward another unconventional view: that we should never leave our adversaries in any doubt about our intentions. The old argument, that 'It is always a good thing to keep the other chap guessing' simply does not apply any longer. We do not want 'the other chap' to guess wrong. It would be bad enough if he were to see through some bluff of ours and force us to humiliating surrender; but it would be far worse if he made the opposite mistake and mistook a bluff or a limited action on our part for the prelude to an all-out attack, and decided to get his blow in first. A frank avowal of our intentions is essential if limited war is to be kept limited and anything recognisable as civilisation is to survive.

Dr. Kissinger is thus liable to be attacked on two counts. First, on the grounds of his Machiavellian frankness, his open assertion that force is a normal and indispensable weapon of policy. Frankly I believe that the refusal to face this fact has caused us quite enough trouble during the past twenty-five years, and any per-

petuation of such an attitude, in the face of two Communist Powers which harbour no such illusions, will rapidly force us to the point of having to choose between annihilation or surrender. The second line of attack is one with which I must confess much more sympathy: the argument which, while admitting that we have got to be able to conduct limited war, alleges that it simply will not be possible to discriminate between different types of target and different sizes of nuclear weapons at all. But if we do not use nuclear weapons we must be prepared to use conventional forces on a very large scale; and that we are apparently not prepared to do. It looks unpleasantly as if our insistence on maintaining our standard of living and our aversion to the splendours and miseries of military life, by undermining our ability to conduct conventional warfare, are bringing the danger of a nuclear holocaust appreciably nearer. If those who oppose the development of nuclear weapons want to be logical, they should demand that conscription be reintroduced.

So I would urge you to read Dr. Kissinger's book, and to read it with patience. It is not easy going: frankly, a good deal of it is turgid in style and repetitive in content, and one grows at times rather impatient with his somewhat naive distress at the clumsy and illogical way in which high policy is formulated and the affairs of the world are run. But throughout the course of his long and often involved arguments his grasp of two realities never falters: the real nature of the danger offered by Communism, and the full horrors of thermonuclear war. For his suggestions as to how we might steer a course between these two perils the western world is heavily in his debt.—*Third Programme*

## The Need for Civil Defence

By the Home Secretary, the Rt. Hon. R. A. BUTLER

THE hydrogen bomb lays one supreme duty on all nations: to learn to live peaceably together in a world which has declared that it outlaws the use of force. But we must decide now, in peace-time, what we could do as individuals and as a nation to reduce the chaos and suffering that a nuclear attack might cause. A hydrogen bomb could devastate an area several miles across. It could irreparably damage buildings for another mile or two all round; it could do severe damage, or moderate damage, out to thirteen miles from the point of burst, and perhaps light damage as far away as twenty miles. Nobody can feel anything but horror at the casualties which such figures might imply; but if you try to imagine the damage particularly in those enormous areas where it would stop short of devastation, you will realise there would be only comparatively small areas in which Civil Defence could do little or nothing.

There might well be people trapped by debris, homeless, injured, suffering from shock, menaced by fire. There would surely be countless thousands of survivors needing the help which trained rescue, fire, welfare and casualty services could give, and thousands more who could survive if their fellows were there to help them; and they must be trained to know what to do.

One of the products of these horrifying bombs is radio-active fall-out. This dust is blown perhaps hundreds of miles by the prevailing winds before it settles. Even after a very heavy nuclear attack, by far the greatest part of the country would be free from damage by blast and fire, but in no part could people be certain of safety from fall-out. It gives off harmful radiations that can cause death or sickness according to the dose received. But radio-activity decays quite rapidly, and the dose you receive is much less if you put some form of thick cover between yourself and the source of the radiation. In many undamaged areas people could escape any serious ill-effects from fall-out by staying under cover while the radio-activity decayed.

Fall-out would certainly cause many casualties, and it would immensely complicate the tasks of the Civil Defence services, but it is a killer which we can fight. The Civil Defence Corps is being trained to control and advise the public in contaminated areas.

The Royal Observer Corps have been given the vital job of monitoring the extent of fall-out all over the country. Their readings would provide the means to give local warnings of fall-out wherever a dangerous dose were found.

There is no doubt at all, then, that Civil Defence could do a tremendous amount if we suffered a nuclear attack, provided we had made our plans and preparations in advance. Already over half a million public-spirited men and women are voluntary members of one or other of the Civil Defence services. The Armed Forces are being trained to give them support. But in a country of 50,000,000 this is not enough, and that is why I am asking you to consider what contribution you can make. There are plenty of interesting jobs to choose from, and none of them need take more than an hour or two of your time each week. The Civil Defence Corps needs people to man its control rooms and mobile control headquarters, to operate telephones and wireless, to be wardens and welfare and rescue workers, and to provide the rest of the service with information about fall-out and other technical matters as members of what is known as the Scientific and Reconnaissance Sub-Section. The auxiliary fire service needs fire-fighters. People to learn First Aid and nursing are wanted in the National Hospital Service Reserve. So are trained nurses who are not now nursing as a career. With the toll of home and road accidents training in First Aid is as valuable to have in peace-time as in war. Your council offices, your local fire station, your nearest hospital or W.V.S. centre will tell you more about these jobs and how to join. Or perhaps your firm has a unit of the Industrial Civil Defence service.

The choice before all of us is simple. We could pretend there is no risk of war, or we could admit the risk and decide to do nothing about it, knowing that the price if everyone did the same would be millions of unnecessary casualties if our gamble failed. Or—and this is the Government's policy—we can make sensible preparations now while there is time, as a sort of commonsense insurance such as most of us have taken out against the comparatively more understandable risks of burglary or fire. Please make a patriotic choice and enrol now.

—From a talk in the Home Service



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## Brash New World

**D**OES anybody read books nowadays? Publishers appear to think people do and, judging from their lists, in considerable numbers. There are usually, as today, plenty of candidates for inclusion in our Book Numbers and serious books are often judged worthy of long talks in the Third Programme. Yet we are sometimes told—returned travellers from the United States and Canada frequently tell us—that people have given up reading, that the illustrated paper with the news largely concentrated in headlines or the strip cartoon or the television news are the only sources of information imbibed by the masses. If the plot of a great novel—a ‘classic’, as they say—is used, and it is sometimes used more than once, as the basis for a film or perhaps a television serial, only then, it is asserted, will the book come into demand and not only at the libraries. But where, it is asked, are the avid readers of yesteryear, the readers, for example, of Charles Dickens’ serials?

We are living in a changing world or, if one prefers, in an age of transition; but then the world is always changing, and life itself is transition. Still we have only recently celebrated the first decade of the Welfare State and, a little earlier, of Mr. Butler’s Education Act. Only in the last year or two have novels, films, and plays appeared which reflect our brash new world and not the country-house life of Galsworthy and his successors or the ruthless capitalist world of the Neo-Fabians. And even at that it would be an exaggeration to say that we have accepted, let alone that we have obtained, the kind of democratic educational system that prevails in the United States (Little Rock perhaps excepted). While we have published in this journal recently a number of talks about experimental education the fact is that the eleven-plus examination has become the hinge of English education, and not everyone believes in it. Yet when a broader and more comprehensive system, envisaged by progressive educationists, finally comes into being, and when university education becomes available upon the American or even upon the Scottish model, a new generation will come into being almost certainly with other cultural standards from those that prevail today. The skiffle-strip-cartoon age may give way to something better.

After all, to place matters in perspective, one must remember that in the age of Charles Dickens and Thackeray too the mass of the people did not read: only the middle classes and the superior artisans. Can it honestly be doubted that if education improves and the standard of living continues to rise the next generation will want to read, to learn more about the culture and the history on which we prided ourselves in our past? Even if it is true that publishers—or at any rate authors—are going through a thinnish time at present they at least keep a standard flying and it is possible that at some not too distant date books will not only be admired and respected but also much more widely read.

## What They Are Saying

Mainly from Moscow

A MAJOR THEME in Moscow propaganda last week was the contrast between the speeches in the United Nations Assembly by Mr. Dulles (which was vigorously attacked) and by Mr. Gromyko (which was given immense publicity). A Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* declared: ‘The Soviet proposals at the General Assembly have posed vital and pressing problems which cannot be evaded’. The opponents of disarmament were ‘enraged’, because ‘it is unthinkable openly to cast a vote against peaceful coexistence’.

They would fain carry on for many years behind closed doors the fruitless talk of the United Nations Disarmament Subcommittee, while pursuing without hindrance their atomic arms drive.

A Moscow home broadcast stated:

The whole international situation remains abnormal and disquieting. The world is now split into hostile military groupings between whom there reigns an atmosphere of profound mutual distrust. The armaments race continues unabated. . . . Because of the position of the Western Powers, the solution of the most urgent and vital present-day international problem, disarmament, remains in the air, while the storm clouds gather over the Middle East. . . . Mankind faces the choice: solid peace and co-operation between all countries irrespective of their social order or ideology, or atomic war; or, a depressing waiting for such a war to begin, combined with a destructive arms race swallowing up an ever-increasing share of material resources and manpower. . . . The truth about the Soviet proposals will undoubtedly reach millions of people throughout the world, who will be able to find out for themselves who is really advocating world peace and who, under cover of talk about world peace, is whetting a knife for its back. The first days of the present General Assembly session are already helping them to understand.

The rise in the British Bank rate was seen in the light of ‘the anti-national policy of the armaments race’, which was ‘the true cause’ of inflation in Britain. Considerable publicity was given, in Moscow and satellite broadcasts, to Mr. Zilliacus’ new pamphlet, *Mutiny against Madness*. An East German broadcast claimed that the Trafalgar Square demonstration against the hydrogen bomb was a prelude to a great national campaign, the aims of which had been set out in Mr. Zilliacus’ pamphlet. The broadcast also drew attention to Mr. Bevan’s remark, following his talks with Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Mikoyan, that ‘in some respects their opinions do not differ very much from ours’.

The Labour Party Conference was the subject of a Moscow broadcast, set against a picture of the British people ‘impatiently awaiting’ the next elections, owing to popular discontent at the present Government’s ‘offensive against the rights of the working people’. The commentator, referring to demands in Mr. Bevan’s *Tribune* for ‘a red, not a yellow socialism’, expected much opposition to the Labour Party leaders’ attitude to nationalisation from the rank and file at the conference.

Moscow broadcasts continued to devote a good deal of attention to the Middle East, where both Britain and the United States were accused of a ‘policy aimed at stirring up tension’. Arab listeners were told that, by contrast, the policy of the U.S.S.R. was that ‘the Arab States be strong in order to be able to repel the conspiracies of the warmongers and of those who wish to exploit the Eisenhower doctrine and Zionism . . . to usurp the rights and livelihood of their peoples’. Moscow broadcasts in Arabic continued to attack Jordan for being ‘more American than the Americans’. They also contrasted the warm welcome given in Latakia to the crew of the visiting Soviet cruiser with the Syrian resentment at the presence of the United States Sixth Fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean. The Syrian people ‘knew’ that the U.S.S.R.—unlike the U.S.A.—had no desire to take any part in Syrian affairs ‘unless asked to do so’. Audiences in the Middle East and south-east Asia were told by a Moscow broadcast quoting *Izvestia* that the threat to the ‘free’ peoples constituted by the Eisenhower doctrine ‘is not limited to the Middle East, but threatens all Asian and African countries outside the imperialist military blocs’.



# Did You Hear That?

## ALL HUMAN BEINGS

SPEAKING OF HIS EXPERIENCES as a reporter in 'From Our Own Correspondent', DOUGLAS STUART, who has represented the B.B.C. in India, Bonn, and the Middle East, said:

A reporter is a cross between an undertaker and a second footman: an undertaker because he is always present at scenes of death and distress; and a second footman because he meets such interesting people under such humiliating circumstances.

'Looking back over almost nine years of reporting in the countries of three continents, it is painful to recall the scenes I have witnessed of death and distress. Russian tanks in the streets of East Berlin, crushing a people's fight for freedom; the emaciated bodies of Indian peasants in famine-struck Bihar; the weeping women in an Austrian valley where an avalanche had destroyed their homes; the frightened faces of Egyptian children when the bombs fell on the air-fields round Cairo.

'As for my life as a second footman, that comprises hours of waiting in the corridors and ante-chambers of ministries, suffering the rudeness of minor officials. Many, many times I have echoed the words of one of Miss Nancy Mitford's characters: "Abroad... is bloody, and foreigners are fiends". But somehow the bloodiness of abroad and the fiendishness of foreigners have always disappeared when I have managed to get what I wanted. The fact is that meeting people is fun and the fun of meeting the great—kings, presidents, and prime ministers—lies in discovering their common humanity.

'When Mr. Molotov trod heavily on my toe some years ago in Berlin, there was no Siberian winter in the smile which accompanied his apology. The Shah of Persia lost all his stiffness when Queen Soraya joined us for tea, because, like all happily married men, he likes to be with his wife. President Nasser once told a colleague of mine that his children came in to see him at breakfast time every morning. "I enjoy playing with them for five minutes", he said, then he added, with a wry smile, "After that it's very wearing on the nerves"—and this is the man who once described himself as a soldier with nerves of steel.

'But the pleasure I have found in meeting many of the world's leaders is small compared with the joy I have in day to day contact with ordinary men and women. Caught up, as I was last autumn, in the whirlwind of the Suez affair, I remember best the cheerfulness and courage of other Britons trapped in Egypt. I was in a hotel in Alexandria. One night all the lights went out and we could hear the drum roll of bombs in the distant darkness. Suddenly there was a tremendous bang. The windows rattled, the building shook; for several seconds there was complete silence, and then a querulous English

voice floated out of the bar: "I say, who bought that round?"

'Travelling about the world as I do, I have come to love and admire my countrymen abroad—engineers, contractors, business men, officials—doing their jobs in deserts and on mountains far from home, cut off from their families. Recently I taunted an Arab friend of mine with ingratitude and dishonesty. "People like you", I said, "accuse the British of being imperialists and colonialists, but where would you be without the know-how and help of these so-called imperialists?" My friend, who owns a taxi business in Amman, spread his hand out in front of my eyes. "Look", he said, "four fingers and a thumb. All are different; some large, some small, some thin, some fat. Arabs and Englishmen are the same—some are good, some are bad; some are grateful, some are ungrateful; some are honest, some are dishonest, but we", he said, "Arabs and British, are all human beings".



Isis sitting on a lotus flower

## THE SYMBOL OF THE LOTUS

'The lotus, wife of the Nile to the ancient Egyptians, for it covered the Nile in flood, was the flower consecrated to Isis, the virgin mother', said ANIL DE SILVA in 'London Calling Asia'. 'Horus the solar god, born of Isis, came out from a lotus flower. When a solar god was depicted standing on the chalice of a red lotus or sitting on a white lotus, in Egypt as well as in India, this represented the birth of the god or the moment when he renewed his life by a miraculous birth.

'There are many different varieties of the lotus, the white, the blue, and the red. The leaves of the lotus, beautiful, large, covered with a glossy surface that never

allows the water to rest on it, also lent itself to symbolism. Poets are continually inspired by the lotus in their poetic comparisons: eyes like the lotus bud is a classical metaphor in Sanskrit poetry.

'The lotus was also the symbol of fecundity and water, and the connection between water and vegetation was developed in India as well as Mesopotamia where, at Tello, between two jets of water a lotus plant emerges. Later, sprays of lotus coming out of a great pot or vase symbolised the vase of plenty. It is used as a symbol of abundance and good luck throughout the ages from Mesopotamia to all Asia, and the vase with its sprays of flowers placed on either side of the doorway on festive occasions is considered auspicious and this custom continues even today. In India, perfect knowledge, too, was symbolised by this beautiful

flower because knowledge raised the spirit into the light away from the dark mud of ignorance in which every soul is born, like the lotus rising out of the mud at the bottom of the pool. It also represented space, for space was like a lotus with its petals orientated in all directions from the centre. But it was Buddhism that took entire possession of the lotus, and we see it in all Buddhist symbolisms in a hundred



The lotus in Assyrian art: a bas-relief of the Tree of Life in the British Museum  
From 'A Manual of Historic Ornament', by R. Glazier (Batsford)



different ways. The Buddha's nativity is symbolised by Maya Devi sitting on an open lotus while she holds one in her hand.

'The lotus' legendary beauty, and its opening and closing with the rising and the setting of the sun or the moon, lent itself to the supernatural. No other flower has been used for the last 5,000 years continuously in all religion and art from Egypt to Asia'.

### RESEARCH IN LAKE WINDERMERE

In a talk in 'The Eye-witness' MICHAEL HANCOCK described a visit he paid recently to the headquarters of the Fresh Water Biological Association at Lake Windermere. 'It was one of those days when the lakeland shyly hides her face in mist. Stepping off the ferry, you could hardly see the other side of the lake and summer had already been nudged out by autumn. But inside the headquarters, that was once a lakeside hotel, all was warmly white and dry. It is here that the director, Mr. Hugh Gilson, and his scientists carry on their researches. Each has his own particular field to study. True, during the war, the scientists made a collective skirmish into the food front. They concentrated for a time on catching perch out of the lake. Between 1940 and 1941 they caught twenty tons of them. These perch were then tinned in tomato sauce and sold to you and me as "perchines", and they were off points too. But we did not really like them and today the perch lead a more secure life.

'Since then the research workers of the Association have done much. For instance, they have discovered that, like salmon, char have a homing instinct; they tend to return to their spawning place each year. The workers affirm that when a westerly wind brings in rain you get salt in it, and when the wind and rain come up from industrial Lancashire, then sulphur is brought along and deposited in the lake. Lake Windermere is telling the scientists what life was like in the Ice Age. Going out on its waters in their launch they probe its depths with a long hollow tube, the mud at the bottom is forced up the tube and by making an analysis it is possible to find out what the vegetation of the district was all those thousands of years ago. It is this type of quiet research that is helping the local bodies and water undertakings, universities and schools and river boards and anglers'.

### PLEASURES OF A FREE BALLOON

'I have always thought', said JOCELYN BRADFORD in a Home Service talk, 'that the most perfect form of locomotion in this world is to drift lazily some 4,000 feet or so up in the air on a warm summer's day, in a free balloon.

'Half a century ago there were "balloonatics" everywhere. Today, most of them are grey-haired occupants of fireside chairs in the Royal Air Force or Royal Aero Clubs. It is forty-three years ago since I first took to the air in a wicker basket hanging by what seemed to me perilously thin-looking ropes from the mesh net which covered the balloon above my head.

'Navigating a balloon, incidentally, is not just going up rapidly, drifting with the wind and coming down when you want to. In principle the balloon is let loose. It rises with considerable speed as the gas expands, and would rise until it reached its zenith, when it might conceivably burst, or else descend even more rapidly. To check its rise and fall, the balloon is equipped with a valve at the top of its spheroid surface. The cord from this valve hangs through the "funnel" of the balloon near your hand. Each time

you "valve", however, you lose a quantity of irreplaceable gas, so in principle you try to reach the height at which you want to travel and keep that height constant throughout the journey.

'Sundry sandbags weighing about 30 lb. each are stowed inside the basket. You use them either to check too rapid a descent, or to give you more "lift", or finally and at all times to assist in your landings. Also tied to the rigging, clearly marked, and not to be touched until the last vital moments, is the "rip" cord, and equally for use at the very last second, is the "grapnel". This is a formidable-looking type of anchor which, in theory at least, tethers you to Mother Earth on your return there. It plays old Harry though with everything, should it catch in the slates of a farmhouse roof or the rump of a bullock. That completed a balloon pilot's equipment of those days, save for a most primitive

altimeter, a packet of sandwiches, and a thermos flask of hot tea.

'Landing a balloon, though, is indeed a real art. I have heard "balloonatics" who later became famous pilots of aircraft say that for a few hectic seconds, and particularly in a fairly strong wind, it can be far more difficult than landing an aeroplane. Your trip is over. You have decided to come down and feel land again under your feet and so you are descending after periods of steady, judicious "valving" and your balloon is now 1,000 feet or so up. The wind is blowing you along at twenty miles an hour. The village that looked miles away when you made your decision now

seems uncomfortably near. There are a lot of cows in the field ahead of you and some ominous-looking trees. You are still descending and your contact with the earth must not be too rapid or you will bounce skywards again.

'You remember vividly, too, what your instructor said about bending your knees to avoid breaking an ankle as you touch down. Then things happen, and quickly, and you find yourself wishing you had half a dozen pairs of hands. All at the same moment, or so it seems, you release your hand from the valve cord and tip out the contents of one or two sandbags to check partially your downward descent. You see you need both hands to lift them up and empty them over the side. Then you reach for the rip cord and tug out the first "safety" stop. You eye the ground, now 300 feet below you, and the second safety stop comes out of the rip panel with a "zing".

'Everything happens now in a split second; the ground is rushing up at you, more ballast out to check your descent; over with the grapnel with a prayer it will not catch hold of that hefty-looking carthorse who is jog trotting across the field. Quick, out with the third stop, bend your knees. Whang! The creak of the basket and a swirl of ropes announce your arrival on *terra firma*. You now tug the rip panel wide open, like tearing a segment out of an orange, just as you think you are going to bounce upwards again. Then you bump along for a few fleeting seconds, until, if the fates have been kind and your judgement sound, the basket suddenly becomes stationary and upright. The balloon above you is slowly subsiding, and you step out and watch the last dying agonies of the friend who has brought you faithfully so far.

'You now set to work to fold up the envelope of the balloon, pack it, grapnel, and empty sandbags into the basket, cover it with its special cover, label it and make arrangements to have it returned "home" by train'.



A free balloon above clouds



# The Education of Architects

MICHAEL PATTRICK on some current problems

**A**BOUT this time each year over 1,000 people in the United Kingdom start their training as architects. It is an astonishing thought that we now have almost as many trained architects as the whole of the United States of America and probably more architects per head of the population than any other country in the world. Before the war the answer to those who thought our buildings ugly was to point out that 80 per cent. of them were not designed by architects anyway. Could the same excuse be valid today; and, what is more important, when looking around us can we see any real improvement in our standards of design?

The answer to the last question is yes, but it is a qualified yes, and progress has been appallingly slow. Of course if the vast amount of post-war building had been carried out in the pre-war haphazard manner, the results would have been too awful to contemplate. But this is hardly a comparison worth making. Surely the question which must be worrying many an observant person as he returns from Italy, Scandinavia, or Germany is: why does so much of our own post-war architecture appear so pathetic when compared with other countries whose economic position is certainly no better than our own?

## Higher Status on the Continent

There are several short answers to this question which have nothing to do with the training of the architect. First of all, the continental architect enjoys a much higher status in the public estimation than he does in this country. With us, he is all too frequently used, whatever his ability, as little more than a mere building agent, almost grudgingly employed to give technical assistance in drawing up plans and coping with the builder. He is, in fact, the tame architect who in all probability has been tamed to the extent where any initiative and creative ability have been completely squashed. Second, there is that defect in our national character which has persisted since 1914 and makes us prepared to put up with second best. A whole generation has now reached maturity to whom the words 'quality in craftsmanship' can have little meaning. Third, although the laws concerning the appearance of buildings are in theory adequate, they contain so many loopholes and are applied with such timidity that they are often valueless.

All these reasons account for the slowness of our progress towards better building; but there are other factors and it is my belief that the root of the matter still lies in the quality of our designers. This in turn is inseparable from problems of training. In about six or seven years from today the 1,000 first-year students, or most of them, will be qualified architects, ready and eager to leave their mark on the countryside. Their success will derive only in part from their own innate ability. Much will depend upon the circumstances of their training. So it is not surprising that at this time of year there should be a certain amount of heart-searching on the part of those responsible for architectural education.

In the face of economic instability and rapid changes in the building industry, it can be imagined that there are any number of problems which we have to solve. However, amongst these there are three salient issues. The first is relatively simple and it concerns the selection of students at the beginning of their training. I should explain that by training I mean organised courses at schools and not the old-fashioned pupillage system which at the present time accounts for only a few of those entering the profession. At the moment there is no recognised aptitude test for architecture, and experience has shown that the traditional method of trying to discover whether the candidate had any proficiency at drawing is far from being a reliable guide, particularly as the amount of tuition now given in drawing at public and secondary schools can vary from twelve periods a week to practically nothing

at all. It is true that an untutored and obvious artistic ability is an indication of an understanding of form, but it is certainly not an infallible test for architecture, and the most perfect graphic artist may be hopeless when it comes to planning or handling space in three dimensions. There is also a popular misconception about mathematics. An ability at mathematics certainly does not imply an understanding of structure.

The qualities which do go to make a good architect seem to have little connection with proficiency at ordinary school subjects. They can usually be recognised by those concerned with architectural training, but only when there has been an opportunity to watch the student's development over at least a year. I believe that the only reliable way to test aptitude is to let each student have a year's trial, and if during this time he shows no likelihood of developing he had better give up at once and go in for something else. This may sound simple enough, but it is not so easy to put it into practice. The present official probationary period is three years, and because at the end of this time so much money has been expended—those who fail are often pushed or crammed until they eventually pass their Intermediate examination. The same process may even be repeated at the Finals and once again a potentially able doctor, teacher, builder, or business man has been pushed into a life-time job to which he was never suited and is not likely to enjoy. I would say that there are probably 20 per cent. of those trained and in training who should really be doing something else.

The possibility of changing one's mind should be part of every educational system and this was an aspect of teaching that I noticed most forcibly when I visited some of the American architectural schools this spring. With them, the first years of study are accepted more or less as an educational discipline rather than as a professional training, and a student whose interest develops along other lines can change his course of study without any of the fuss and commotion which is the general rule over here. I was told by the dean of one college, using their own vernacular: 'We flush them out early and retread them into mortgage banking'. To us, this attitude might seem carefree to the point of flippancy, but it is in fact a great improvement on the British approach which suggests that once started you have to go on. Of course most American schools have the advantage of being part of a university, and credits gained in one subject may be transferred towards a degree in another. But the real virtue in their system lies in that adventurous spirit which seems to be so much part of the American character.

## Need for Specialist Consultants

Even if improved methods of selection were to cut the numbers of those in training by 20 per cent., our own inflexible system still expects all entrants to train to one level and one qualification, despite the fact that there are several vitally important jobs allied to architecture which need specialised study but require only moderate ability as a designer. The profession is badly understaffed with consultants, particularly in the field of building services. There is a need for many more people with an all-round knowledge of building who are able to give expert advice on heating and ventilating, artificial lighting, acoustics, and so on. Matters would be greatly improved if some of those now in training were to direct their efforts along these lines. It is necessary to have a basic grounding in architecture because only then can the specialist consultant see his particular problem in the more general context of building.

In addition to those who might be diverted in this way there are also a number who are reasonably proficient as designers and draughtsmen but who do not wish, nor are they really suited, to take on the full responsibilities of the architect. I see no reason why there should not be some half-way stage which would let



them train as architectural assistants or draughtsmen. This is normal in other countries and should be acceptable here.

If we were able to take into account the segregations and channellings I have suggested, the numbers of those left in the field would reduce the architectural population of this country, concentrate training only on those likely to benefit from it, and supply us with a much-needed body of trained people complementary to the architect.

This problem of selection may be capable of solution, but the next issue, though no less important, is far less easy to define. It is unfortunate, but inevitable, that the architect's training must be based on imaginary projects. A student's designs can never go beyond the drawing board and it is therefore more important for him than for those studying for other professions to have the impetus of an underlying fervour, something which is vital to the development of creative ability. In the past this has often been kept alive by enthusiasms distantly related to architecture but really unconnected with school work. They have frequently appeared in the form of a revolt against conditions prevalent at the time. But by 1957 so much that the architect has fought for over the last thirty years has come to fruition that, paradoxically, the student today may be in a less favourable position than those of a previous generation.

### When Novelty Wears Thin

If one looks back to the late 'twenties or early 'thirties, when what were known as modern designs began to appear in England, the impulse was undoubtedly one of novelty. All young architects were eager to take part in the battle for the modern movement. Following on this, in about 1936, one or two other factors began to play their part. Much of the new work, for example, related to housing. Architecture was on the move but so also was sociology, and if anything sociology was slightly in the lead. The important thing was that both were travelling the same road and this road seemed to lead to a brighter and better world; so if the earlier appeal of novelty had worn thin, the student's efforts were now goaded on by the much more compelling spur of social conscience.

It is sometimes not understood how greatly these youthful and sincere feelings have affected the growth of the modern movement. Throughout the whole of the pre-war decade the architectural student was helped in his work by these added interests. When the studio projects carry with them a sort of profession of faith the student feels that his statement in design has become something more than old remarks made in a new vernacular. It has gone beyond a mere commentary on the shape of building and in this form it is exciting and immensely stimulating.

For the architect, the war years were a dead period, but in the wider field of town planning the bombing soon brought about the legislation which a few years before had seemed almost utopian. The idea of taking part in the rebuilding of our towns was in itself a first-rate stimulus for training. No longer would the demand for buildings depend on the private client; the welfare state had a vast building programme and here at last was a great opportunity for the young architect. In fact the best of our schools and much of the new housing has been designed by young architects who finished their training soon after the war. But by 1953 rebuilding was well under way and there were signs of flagging enthusiasm amongst those still in training; and this still persists in varying degrees.

In some ways it is understandable. The welfare state is now taken for granted. Much of the exciting and initial development work in housing and schools has been done. The new towns are three-parts built and much current work appears to the student as repetitive and uninviting. Modern design, whether good, bad, or indifferent, seems to be accepted by the public. Last year, for example, the Mars Group, which had for twenty years been the rallying ground for all who put their faith in modern architecture, was dissolved, because there seemed nothing more for it to do. There is no escaping the fact that the present situation has done something more than just take the edge off the students' enthusiasm. Undoubtedly, there is as much need now as there ever was for a group of young and vigorous people to interest themselves in the development of modern architecture, even though the present issues are certainly not so clear-cut as they were fifteen years ago. This is a real problem: it is not easy to make students

believe that although an earlier generation may have had the excitement of introducing something new into the English scene it is the period of development and refinement which is likely to produce work of real quality.

The third problem, though less obscure, is equally pressing and hardly less easy to solve. It revolves round the question of exactly what is meant by the term 'qualified architect'. In this country, unlike many others, full qualification is granted after five years of study plus only one year of practice. Generally speaking, the services which the public expects from the architect have not changed much over the last fifty years. But his field of study has now become so enlarged that the conditions in which he has to provide those services have changed out of recognition. Today most classes of structure have been analysed and space and amenity standards established on every aspect of building.

Thus the architect is now faced with whole libraries of information, most of it pertinent, some of it vital, and unfortunately a great deal of it unclassified and difficult to discover. Planning has become more scientific and methods of construction more numerous. Gone long ago are the five basic trades and, incidentally, the one basic text-book which explained them. Gone also are the craftsmen with their inherited knowledge which worked so well in its limited context but could never be expected to cope with present-day problems. New methods and new materials arrive because they promise some improvement on those which already exist. Naturally any client expects the architect to be conversant with all the latest possibilities. Naturally the architect knows he would not be serving his client if he were not. But it is impossible for a student to acquire all this knowledge during five years of school training followed by one year of practice.

The newly fledged architect at present—or the experienced architect, for that matter—can deal with any type of building up to a point. But up to a point is not good enough. If the functions of the building or its services are at all complex, as for instance in a modern factory or laboratory, the ultimate success depends on the quality of specialised advice. That is one reason why some of our modern buildings are on the whole so disappointing. The profession is flooded with general practitioners, many of whom would lead more useful lives doing something else, whether related to architecture or not. At the moment the architect, as general practitioner, must either be his own consultant or else be guided by firms with a direct financial interest in selling him their technical equipment. These firms may be honest and competent, but they are not aware of problems outside their own field.

### Problems for Teachers

What are we to do about this at the teaching end? I would certainly not press for a lengthening of the school course, and in any case the exact duration of school training is not really important. The vital thing is the attitude and method, not the completeness or length of syllabus. We must, first, achieve a better balance between school and the practical side of the students' training; and, second, we must put some real effort into providing facilities for post-graduate courses and specialised study. At present the only post-graduate courses an architect may enter are town planning, tropical design, and landscape architecture, and when you consider the variety and complexity of modern building needs, this situation is surely absurd.

Architecture is an art, but what I am discussing here is in no sense art, it is technology and not very advanced technology at that. Unfortunately there is now this vast amount of it and it is inherent in the practice of architecture that any one part of it may impinge upon a problem of building. There would seem to be evidence in much of the recent building in London that architects, in trying to cope with all of these added complexities, allow the main purpose of their design to suffer.

This country was the first to develop improved methods of training after the break-away from the traditions of the Beaux Arts. Whether we can retain this position and, indeed, achieve better architecture, depends largely on the vigour with which an overworked profession can turn its attention to putting its own house in order. Most architectural schools are aware of the need to do so, and the questions which I have outlined will undoubtedly occupy an important place in the conference on architectural education which is to take place in Oxford next spring.

—Third Programme



# Learning to Live Together

JOHN MACKAY on a county secondary boarding school

SOME months ago I was sitting in the pouring rain in a gorse bush on a heath in Norfolk, muffled in a ragged blanket and wearing a false black beard and a ceremonial pith helmet festooned with pieces of heather. I dared not move for fear of being seen, but although I could see nothing but gorse, I was aware of slight movements from the scrub all round me. These indicated the defensive positions of a band of fifteen-year-old 'terrorists', sworn to defend me from a platoon of British 'soldiers' of the same age who were at that moment slowly closing in on us. I was 'General MacGrivas', and before they could defend me my party had had to locate me on the heath with no more than a map reference. In the ensuing battle, in which heavy casualties were inflicted on both sides by means of breaking an opponent's arm-band of coloured wool, right triumphed and I was led captive back to the British camp. This camp was in fact a county secondary school at which I was then teaching, and the battle I have just described merely one of a series of Thursday-afternoon activities known as 'initiative tests'.

The school is housed in a pleasant nineteenth-century country house in eighty-nine acres of the most beautiful school grounds I have ever seen: thick woods and parkland with two artificial lakes complete with swans and boats. It is not an ordinary county secondary school, but before describing its differences I had better explain what county secondary schools are. Generally speaking, they are secondary modern schools which cater for the children between the ages of eleven and fifteen or sixteen for whom the work of a grammar school is thought to be unsuitable. While a grammar-school pupil might be studying Latin, the secondary-modern pupil might spend the time on anything from home nursing to engineering. There are many more of these schools than grammar schools; some are for boys, some for girls, and some mixed. They are all day schools, with very few exceptions.

Holt Hall in Norfolk, the school at which I spent two very happy terms, is one of these exceptions because it is a secondary boarding school for both boys and girls, but the only unusual thing about the pupils is that they have not had the chance to go to a secondary modern school of any kind before. This is because the Norfolk Education Committee has not yet been

able to build enough secondary modern schools to serve the large number of widely scattered villages in this agricultural county. Their building programme is going ahead well, but until it is complete, some children who should have gone to a secondary

modern school at the age of eleven have to stay until they are fifteen at their old village schools, which were not designed to cater for children of that age. So every term thirty-two boys and girls from all over Norfolk, who are thought to be the kind to make the best use of such a course, are selected to spend one term at Holt Hall, and this is their last term at school.

In these lovely surroundings they continue, for three months, their academic study of English, mathematics, social studies and religious instruction, and, almost more important, are introduced to many things which they have not had the opportunity of doing before.

There is painting, pottery, weaving, basketwork, music, and drama; for the boys, woodwork, metalwork, and practical work on the estate; and for the girls, needlework, cookery, and home nursing. But most important, and for them strangest of all, they

learn how to live together in a community. This does not mean that their day schools or their homes taught them nothing about how to live in a community, but simply that a boarding school offers an infinitely better opportunity for children to learn how much the members of a community depend upon each other and how much each must put into it.

Most of these children have rarely been away from home before, and as many of them come from remote farms and small villages where family life is close and warm, they find their first experience of a boarding school very strange. Everything is new—surroundings, staff, and friends—and out of this collection of strangers they must create a cheerful, workable family atmosphere. It is a big challenge, for some are homesick at first and one or two may be difficult, but once they have succeeded in becoming community minded it is this aspect of their term at Holt that they enjoy most and remember with most affection. When asked what side of school life had proved most useful to them since leaving, old students nearly always said: 'Being with boys and girls of my own age and learning to live together—it helps you to get on with people afterwards'.



Girls at Holt Hall learning to weave



'In return for having their washing and ironing done by the girls, the boys cleaned the girls' shoes and kept their bicycles in running order'

Hulton Picture Library



But bringing a number of children together in one building does not make them a community, and they must be given plenty of things to do which help them to see that they are making an essential contribution to the daily life. So almost as soon as they climb out of the bus which has collected them from all over Norfolk, they are given duties which they will continue to do until the end of the term. As most boarding schools discovered when the shortage of domestic help became acute, there is no better way of introducing children to the idea of service to others in a community than by giving them a share of the simple, routine jobs which are essential to the running of any household. Working in groups, therefore, they lay tables, wash up, peel potatoes, tidy the rooms, and some have such special jobs as feeding the animals and stoking the boiler. Points are awarded to encourage a little necessary competition. Considering that they are country children, I was astonished to see how many of them had obviously not done this kind of work at home. One farmer's son admitted that he never cleaned his—or anyone's—shoes at home, because the maid did them. But he had plenty of practice at Holt, for in return for having their washing and ironing done by the girls, the boys cleaned the girls' shoes and kept their bicycles in running order.

### Electing the Leaders

At the end of the first fortnight the children elect a head boy, a head girl, and two prefects of each sex, the staff voting also, but only if an obviously bad choice has been made. Considering how liable children are to be influenced by the wrong kind of popularity, this very rarely happens. The selection of leaders is of great importance to the success of the course because once good ones are accepted by the children they can help to establish an atmosphere of happiness and maintain a sense of direction in a way which the staff could not hope to do by themselves. During the first two weeks, therefore, one watches carefully for signs of responsibility, initiative, and strong personality in all their activities: who shows that he can organise the washing-up, who looks after those who feel homesick; even the job of serving out the food at lunch time speaks volumes about the server to the six unobtrusive but fascinated watchers at the staff table. One boy, for example, who was head of his table, gave what proved to be an accurate clue to his character by his method of sharing out second helpings. If there was just enough left over for two or three people, instead of politely offering it all round the table, he would divide it in half and say, 'Who'll share this with me?'

The boys usually settle down quickly because they can get to grips with so many interesting, practical things. Estate work, for example, is always taken by the headmaster who, being prepared to join in and get as muddy as the boys, makes the building of a tennis court or hauling in logs for the fire into a pleasant activity. The most popular activity out of school is the series of initiative tests which grow more difficult throughout the term. Here is a simple one: a party of boys is taken into the school grounds and given these instructions: 'You are a party of explorers returning from an expedition in lion-infested country. You must get your party up this tree, light a fire up the tree large enough to keep off wild beasts, and make yourselves a hot drink'. The only equipment they are given is three or four matches, a billy-can of water and some rope. It is astonishing how much one can learn from watching a boy under such circumstances. One boy who was so bad at English and arithmetic as to be almost sub-normal, proved himself a natural leader with plenty of practical common sense and stamina in this test. At the end of the term there is sometimes a test which takes twenty-four hours in which, for example, a party of boys has to cross several miles of country paralleled by neighbouring Scout troops, spend the night undetected in an empty house in the middle of a village, and then capture something which has been planted in a railway station by the stationmaster.

When I found, in my short experience of the school, that the girls did not seem to settle down as quickly as the boys, I wondered if it was partly because they did not have so many activities that had this element of newness and excitement which allowed them to work off their surplus energy. More of their time was spent on domesticated activities such as needlework, laundrywork, and cookery, which are no doubt right for a girl; but I have found that a fifteen-year-old girl has just as much

energy to work off and is just as likely to enjoy an initiative test as a boy. In the weekends, for example, I used occasionally to take out a mixed party for what we called a 'cliff attack'. One party hid themselves and their bicycles in long grass at the top of a low sea-cliff up which the others crawled to the attack and tried to capture the bicycles. One girl who was well cast for the romantic heroine in the school play changed roles completely and led her party up the cliff like a commando, emitting piercing whistles with two fingers in her mouth. Such harmless and exhilarating activities seemed to draw the participants—including the staff—more closely together and were therefore a great help in the settling-down process.

Most courses did settle down within about a month and none were disastrous failures. It would be misleading, however, to suggest that some were not disappointing. Oddly enough, I learnt almost more about the essence of the school from a disappointing course than from a successful one, but first let me say a word about co-education (in a boarding school).

One of the aims of the school is 'to provide a social experience', and for children of this age—between fourteen and fifteen years—who for the most part are going to take up jobs at the end of their term at Holt, co-education is better than segregation. In my experience—and I went to a co-educational boarding school myself—I have found that a girl benefits more obviously than a boy from co-education because it helps her to learn that understanding of other people that she will need later on to make a successful family life. A boy, on the other hand, in order to make a good start towards becoming a complete person must find his self-confidence primarily in learning some skill, although, of course, he too must learn how to get on with other people. Lessons, therefore, may be more important to him than to a girl and there is one big disadvantage to mixed classes between the ages of thirteen and sixteen. During these years boys and girls develop at such a different speed and along such different lines that lessons together are liable to be very difficult. I remember that when I was that age, the girls in the class used to understand a problem quickly, and the boys, who would have liked a little peace and more time to work it out, became frustrated and resentful at having to compete, and keep up appearances, and they showed it by misbehaving and showing off. At Holt, this disadvantage was avoided, because it was a small school with only thirty-two pupils, and boys and girls were taught separately.

I never found much difficulty in teaching the boys, but I must say that my first experience of a class of girls was not easy. If they did not like what I was teaching them—which I am sure often happened when I started—they would set up an undercurrent of whispering which was most disconcerting and difficult to locate. If I roared at them, more in defence than anything, I would get no response from them at all. When I came to know them better I found that I only needed to be strict about a few things—it did not seem to matter what as long as they felt I *could* be strict if necessary. For the rest, a sense of humour and plenty of give-and-take and almost gossipy discussion of the subject seemed to give the best results.

### The Girls and the Community

So much for teaching, but what of the part played by the girls in the community life? I said earlier that in my experience the girls took longer to settle down than the boys. This was especially so if there was a shortage of natural leaders amongst them. If, as once happened, a course produces only one girl able to influence the others and she spends her energies in gaining a personal following rather than throwing herself into the spirit of the course and leading the others after her, then the efforts of the girls as a whole will be quickly broken up. They will tend to divide into constantly changing pairs and cliques and spend too much time gossiping and criticising each other in their spare time. This happens very rarely indeed, but when it does one can see much more clearly than usual the way in which the girls affect a co-educational community, and how strongly. If there is an undercurrent of tension amongst the girls, then gradually the whole community becomes jumpy, distracted and unhappy, the boys showing it by rowdy behaviour and showing-off when with the girls. But when the girls are happy, then usually everyone is



happy, and social occasions such as meal-times, dancing, discussions, and poetry readings are a pleasure, with the children trying to make an impression on each other by doing something well, or by good rather than bad behaviour.

In a school where the children had to learn so many new things and so much about themselves in such a short time, the importance of the staff joining in their activities was enormous. It was not only to set a good example that the headmaster made it his daily duty to help clean the boys' bathroom: one had to make friends of them quickly in order to get to know them and be of use. In the process, one could not help learning a lot about oneself, as I soon discovered. After the 'initiative test' that I have described, I returned to the school still wearing my strange regalia, so the headmaster decided to play a trick on the girls. He therefore went into the class room and announced that an important foreign official was paying a surprise visit and they were to answer his questions and not laugh at his national costume. Mustering the weirdest accent I could, I then went in and said: 'Good afternoon, gairls, vot are yow mayking here?' The effect was startling: far from laughing, most of them shrank back in horror from this

alarming sight and Jane, a big strapping girl, thought to be afraid of nothing, edged her way behind the art mistress. After I had been recognised and had made my retreat, she said to the mistress, 'Mr. Mackoy ain't 'alf comin' on, is 'e Miss? He was very shoy at the beginnin' of term; Oi reckon 'e was frightened of us'—which was a truth I had not really considered before. Certainly, I felt much more at home with them after this episode.

Some people ask if a short course of this type can have any lasting effect on the children, and I, too, wondered this at first. I think now that the answer is simple: a great change takes place in these children during the term. They gain so much in self-confidence that when they leave far more of them go on to specialised training than would otherwise have done so, because they had not thought themselves capable of it, and that seems to indicate a healthy attitude to life.

I thoroughly enjoyed my stay there and I agree with the remark made by one of the laziest members of one course as he climbed on to the bus which took him home at the end of the term: 'I ain't never worked so hard in me loif, sir, and I ain't never enjoyed a term at school so much'.—*Home Service*

## The Crucifixion of Man

The second of three talks by R. C. ZAEHNER

**I**N my last talk\* we saw that the Jews regarded man as being an indivisible whole, and that if there were survival after death, this could only mean the continuance of physical existence in some form. However, since there is in fact no survival of physical life after death, the Jews, who followed the Zoroastrians in this, came to believe that an all-powerful God would resurrect the dead at the end of time. The Jews and the Zoroastrians believed in God as an objective reality, and it did not therefore seem to them absurd that He should resurrect men bodily since He was all-powerful.

The Indians saw things very differently. To assert that man was an indivisible whole seemed to them rather puerile. To identify personality with the body was a vulgar error which could be entertained only by people who had had no experience of soul whatever. Buddhism taught that there existed an eternal substance 'unborn, not become, not made' which had its being in eternity, beyond space and time. This eternal substance could be experienced here and now, and the experience was the proof that soul and body were *not* one. Buddha had separated himself from the Hindu fold; but within Hinduism itself this view won almost universal acceptance. Buddha refuses to explain himself metaphysically. It was sufficient unto salvation to know that there was such a thing as an eternal mode of existence and that there was also existence as we know it, conditioned always by space and time, change and causality, and that man's only happiness consisted in cutting all his ties with this world and in realising himself as eternal.

The process involved the human being only: salvation was not dependent on grace; it could and must be attained by man's own unaided effort. 'Behold, now, brethren', the Buddha said when about to leave the world for ever, 'Decay is inherent in all compounded things. Work out your own salvation with diligence'. Enter into *nirvāna* by your own efforts, since there is in any case no god to help you. The Buddha then entered into a state 'in which the consciousness both of sensations and of ideas had wholly passed away'. That is *nirvāna*—not extinction but the realisation of deathlessness, peace, and a form of existence in which there is no change, what we in the West can only call a godlike existence, eternity. Once one had attained this condition, which brings an inexpressible peace, there was nothing further to do.

Among the Hindus the followers of the Sāṃkhya-Yoga sought to systematise this experience philosophically. They explained it in this way: there are two worlds, not one. Similarly there are two eternities, the eternity of time and the eternity of timelessness.

The first is the whole universe of space and time—this world, the world we experience with the senses and by which our minds are conditioned. Over against this stands a different eternity, inhabited—if that is the right word—by an infinity of immortal and timeless beings, each sufficient unto itself and contemplating itself in an eternal now. These two worlds are totally distinct; and the tragedy is that somehow, and it is not at all clear why, they met and became inextricably mixed. The timeless being found itself enmeshed in time, the being whose proper place is beyond space became entangled in matter which cannot exist except in space. The soul found itself imprisoned in the body. Salvation then consists in returning to the old timeless state, in cutting all that attaches one to space and time.

Yoga was the technique devised for doing just this: it is a purely practical method by which the immortality of the soul can be experienced here and now. By Yoga one can reach a state, which can also come upon anyone quite by chance, in which, to use the words of Tennyson who had had this experience frequently, 'death was an almost laughable impossibility'. In this state 'individuality seems to dissolve and fade away into boundless being'. The ego or conscious centre of the spatiotemporal human being which experiences through the five senses and thinks in accordance with the data they supply, is slain, and out of its ashes the immortal soul arises, delivered from the shackles of space and time.

The slaying of the ego is the essential preliminary to the emergence into consciousness of the eternal self that cannot die because it does not exist in time. In the terminology of the Hindus the ego and the eternal self have different names: the first is the *aḥamkāra*, the 'I-thing', the second the *puruṣa*, 'person' or *ātman*, 'self'. This 'self' or 'person' should be the directing principle in man, while the 'I-thing' should either be rigorously trained or slain outright. This necessity for suppressing the ego is considered to be self-evident in all Indian religions. The Buddha, however, did not bid his disciples slay the ego. He went even further, and told them that no such entity existed. All idea of 'This is I' or 'This is mine' is simply a form of words. It corresponds to no reality. For, the Buddha asks, what is this so-called ego? It is not the body, nor is it feeling, nor perception, nor one's inherited psychological predispositions, nor intellect, nor yet an amalgam of these, for material shape and the rest are impermanent, suffering, liable to change. Therefore it should be seen as it really is that no material shape or feeling or perception or inherited dispositions or intellect is mine, this is not me, this is not my self.



The greatest mistake one can possibly make is to identify oneself with the body or what is conditioned by the body, like emotion, thought, or memory. All these are not the self. The Indian idea that the ego must be slain if the other self is to emerge reappears in Christianity and is indeed essential to it. 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal', our Lord said. And again: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me'. In both religions the ego must be slain if the true person or self is to be brought up into consciousness. The lower self is indeed the enemy of the higher, as the Bhagavad-Gītā puts it.

### The Body Warring with the Spirit

St. Paul goes further, and identifies the lower self or ego with sin, that original taint that inheres in man's body and psyche, all that in him which the Buddha says does *not* constitute his self. Man's very carnality constitutes his sin. 'I am carnal, sold under sin', he says. And this carnality is ever at war with the spirit, forcing man to do what he would not. It is a law in the body's members warring against the spirit and bringing man into captivity to the law of sin which is in his members. To live in the body is to live in agony, the Buddha also taught: the soul is crucified on the cross of the body.

The main difference between the two religions is that whereas the Christian deems that the body's proneness to sin, its inherent bias towards evil, is caused by an inherited defect called original sin, and that therefore, once original sin is conquered, the defect can be made good, the Buddhist holds rather that carnality as such constitutes the evil which is suffering, and that this is the natural law of the universe. For matter there is no redemption; but *from* it there is escape. And once the soul achieves its release, its *nirvāṇa*, that is the end. 'Destroyed is birth, lived is the Brahma-faring, done is what was to be done, there is no more being such-and-such'. Time and space are folded up and the soul enjoys an utterly unconditioned bliss. The achievement of selflessness means individual salvation, and though love of one's neighbour is taught by the Buddha as a means to salvation, it ceases to have any meaning once salvation is achieved. It is only in the later Mahāyāna that an attempt is made to harmonise the two.

The Buddha, as we have seen, was simply not interested in the existence or non-existence of God. Quite the reverse was the case with the early Hindus. They were passionately interested in metaphysical matters, in the origin of the world, whether it was created or not by a first cause, and, if so, who or what that first cause might be. 'Who knows whence this world has arisen', one of the Vedic hymns enquires, 'Whence this emanation has arisen, whether it was created or not, only He knows who surveys it in highest heaven. He only knows, or perhaps He does not know'. So does metaphysical enquiry start in India.

But by the time of the Upanishads, which were composed, perhaps, between the ninth and fourth centuries B.C., the idea of God as creator and ruler of the universe had been lost sight of, and its place had been taken by the Brahman, the mysterious changeless something which these early sages felt must exist behind and beyond all change. Their beginnings seem to have been materialistic, and we find the Brahman identified first with food and secondly with breath. Of course if we translate Brahman as God, the proposition that Brahman is food must sound a trifle absurd. Brahman, however, at this early stage does not mean God, it means no more than the unchanging law behind change. And when the Upanishads identify Brahman with food, they merely mean that since organic life is sustained by taking food and since the destruction of one living organism contributes to the life of a greater organism, organic life itself can be reduced to the concept of food. For whereas an antelope, when killed by a tiger, ceases to exist individually as an antelope, its life continues in the tiger which has eaten it. Eating and being eaten are the two opposites and immortality consists in transcending them. If one can identify oneself with the cosmic process of eating and being eaten, the destruction of your own life will be experienced not as annihilation but as a participation in the life of the entire cosmos. To be able to say 'I am food and the eater of food' is,

in a sense, to partake of life everlasting. In an astonishing passage we read this strange paean of joy: O wonderful! O wonderful! O wonderful! I am food. I am food. I am food. I am the eater of food. I am the eater of food. I am the eater of food. . . . I am the first-born of the world-order. I, who am food eat the eater of food. I have overcome the whole world'.

The idea is simple. By identifying oneself with food and its opposite, the eater of food, the opposites are transcended and a new synthesis is created. This is dialectical materialism in its purest form, as any reader of that remarkable book, *The Dialectics of Nature* by Friedrich Engels, will realise. Thus, in their search for God the ancient Hindus started with what was most concrete: they started as materialists and only gradually reached an idealistic position. Marx claimed to have stood Hegel on his feet since Hegel's system was topsy-turvy. In India the beginnings were made with dialectical materialism, and idealism developed slowly out of it. Marx was slowly and rather painfully being stood on his head.

The halfway house between materialism and idealism was reached when the Brahman was identified with breath—the wind in the cosmos and the breath of life in man, the living spirit: not yet, it is true, the Holy Spirit, but the idea that the breath of life or spirit is an aspect of God is the same. The Brahman, then, is the spirit that pervades all Nature. This, however, was still not felt to be satisfactory: the Brahman must be something even more subtle than this. 'It is more subtle than the subtle, the imperishable Brahman on which the worlds are set', yet it is also greater than the great and it dwells in the heart of man.

The ancient Hindus had hit upon something which cannot be described in words but can only be hinted at in paradox—something that is at the same time inconceivably great and inconceivably small, moving yet immovable. This something dwelt in the heart of man as his imperishable, immortal, and eternal essence. Later philosophers were to identify this subtle essence in the heart with the Absolute, with God, that is, as the unqualifiable One. This, however, was not the way of the Hindu scriptures themselves. They did not identify God with man or man with God. Rather they saw that if there is an eternal element in man, and if this is in some sense identical with the Brahman, then there is something or someone higher still from whom both the Brahman, the imperishable world of eternal essence, and this perishable world proceed. This Being one of the later Upanishads calls God and Lord, the beginning and the end, beyond time and without parts, the supreme mighty Lord of lords, the inconceivable One who is the cause of Brahman as much as of the phenomenal world.

### The Hindu Revelation of God

India's progress towards God culminates in the Bhagavad-Gītā, where God in the shape of Vishnu incarnate in Krishna reveals Himself to man and points the way to salvation. God, in the Gītā, again is higher than the imperishable Brahman, and the Brahman proceeds from God. Applied to human beings, the term 'to become Brahman' now means no more than to realise the immortality and timelessness of one's own soul; it is the integration of self which follows on the slaying of the ego. The real self, the *ātman*, hitherto crucified in the body, is now wholly free, but it must not sink back to enjoy its own eternity as the Sāṃkhya-Yogins did, nor must it suppose that, by realising that it is eternal, it is therefore God. It must not think, as Martin Buber has pointed out, that this basic unity of the soul is the soul of the All, as the Vedāntins do. It is just one human soul, stripped of all that is accidental, 'existing but once, single, unique, irreducible, this creaturely one'.

The soul which has now arisen from the 'body of this death' in which it was crucified, is free—free to enjoy its own eternity or to enter into the eternal dialogue with God. 'Becoming Brahman', that is, realising one's own eternity, 'its self at rest', 'the soul neither grieves nor desires. Treating all creatures alike, it embarks upon the supreme devotion to Me', says Krishna. Then 'by devotion it comes to know Me just as I am in truth. Then having known Me in truth, it forthwith enters into Me'. Man, once crucified in matter, rises an immortal spirit, and, so renewed, he is a perfect vessel, fit to draw near to his God. This is the message of the Bhagavad-Gītā, 'The Song of the Lord'.

—Third Programme



# The First English 'Ring'

By LADY HARTY

FOR some time previous to 1908 I had been singing much with Hans Richter, the then conductor of the Hallé Orchestra. It was after I had done various concerts with him that he asked me to do some Wagner excerpts. Having always been told that my voice was not at all suitable for Wagner, I said: 'Oh! I don't think I could'. To which he replied: 'You can do it quite well if you will sing as you always do—you don't need to bark!' I still felt very uncertain about this, but by this time I knew Frau Richter and her daughters well, and one Sunday when I was staying in Manchester they invited me out to their house in Bowden. There we discussed the matter and went through various excerpts. Finally, I gave way as I felt Richter knew more about it than I did.

We started these concerts in Manchester with the first scene from 'The Rhinegold'. I was Woglinde, the first Rhinemaiden. I do not remember who my colleagues were—but it was lovely music to sing. From that I went on to 'The Valkyrie', Scene 1, in which I sang Sieglinde and after that the 'fate scene' in 'The Valkyrie', Act II. This rather scared me, but I worked at it carefully and all was well. By this time I felt I could tackle most things, in spite of the fact that I had not a so-called big voice, but it was well poised and floated over most difficulties.

Richter was very anxious to do 'The Nibelungen Ring' for the first time in English. A new edition with a translation by Frederick Jameson had recently been published and this was really good—and it all began through Richter's interest in English musicians and singers. I also learned to realise that the English public liked these excerpts in their own tongue, especially if they could hear the words. I was more fortunate than many of the other British artists for I had been engaged at Covent Garden for some years in the grand season. There the operas were always sung in the original language. My roles there were mostly minor ones in 'The Ring', except Sieglinde, but it may be of interest to mention that before I finished my singing life I had sung every soprano role in 'The Ring' with the exception of Guttrune in 'Götterdämmerung'. And I still remember them.

In 1907 Mr. Percy Pitt, a director of Covent Garden, asked me to come to see him. The idea of having an 'English Ring', as it was called, had materialised and he wanted to discuss it. The Directors had decided that as the part of Brünnhilde was always a strenuous one—especially for a novice—it would be wiser to divide it among various singers rather than have one inexperienced singer for the whole. They offered me the Brünnhilde in 'Siegfried'—the lovely lyrical part with no possible strain on a voice. In addition I was offered Sieglinde in 'The Valkyrie'—a part I had already played in the grand season and which I adored, so I was very happy. For the Wotan they had secured Clarence Whitehill, an American with an international reputation; and very good he was—a lovely voice and fine presence. He

used to tell me that the English words bothered him, but one did not notice it, though he was used to singing the part in German.

The Siegfried was Peter Cornelius—I think a Dane. He was a big, powerful man. I remember how at the end of the Siegfried duet he picked me up in his excitement (it had gone so well!) and embraced me. I was a good fourteen stone at least in those days. Borghild Bryhn played the Brünnhilde in 'The Valkyrie'. She

did not make a big impression on my mind, but her voice was very good. I think she was a Swede. One of the German singers was Hans Bechstein who played Mime, and in excellent English; he had also been at the Covent Garden grand season. Among the many who went from strength to strength in their day were Robert Radford, Edna Thornton, Thomas Meux, Caroline Hatchard, and Lenore Sparkes; and there was the old stager Hedmondt with the experience of years behind him. Undoubtedly the 'find' of that 'English Ring' was Walter Hyde, the Siegmund. He was in musical comedy at the time, was very nice looking, with a lovely voice and a charming personality. He had only a comparatively short career as his health deteriorated while he was still young.

Rehearsals began and what amazed me was the intense desire of those young—many of them untried—singers, to give of their very best. They worked long hours on their own so that the ensemble should be perfect. I particularly remember going down to the theatre and hearing the Valkyrie maidens, eight of them, hard at work, and no desire to finish until it was right. It was really like a hive of bees, and everyone only too anxious to help.

Richter was spending much time in London and was always ready to be of service. He knew everything by memory and would stand up with no score but stick in hand and conduct. He always encouraged these youngsters—indeed all of us—and was delighted with everyone. How exciting it all was! The scenery was what had been used in the grand season—but I think the Rhinemaidens used their flying boats, though I am not certain of this. Anyway, they were on the stage, not hidden as they are in these days with the parts mimed by ballet girls.

When I first went to Covent Garden, in 1905, one of my roles was the first Rhinemaiden, and to my horror we were put on what were called the 'machines', enormous things, I don't know how high, and we stepped out from a platform into an iron body-holder, high in the air and supported on a sort of wooden truck. An iron band went round our waists, things like stirrups were for our feet, there were two things round our knees—and we were strapped tight. There were four men below who pushed us about, and we had to sing swaying high above the stage. The machines were draped in green material to look like water. One girl refused to get on to the machine once she discovered what she was in for.

If my memory serves me aright, the stage-manager was a



Dr. Hans Richter: a photograph taken during his conductorship of the Hallé Orchestra

By courtesy of 'Opera'



German named Wirk. He was the stage-manager for the grand season, which in those days ran for about six weeks—at least the German part of it did. One of the prompters was Mr. Fairbairn: he knew 'The Ring' well. In after years he was highly acclaimed for his wonderful production of 'Hiawatha' at the Royal Albert Hall. When rehearsals began Richter was here, there, and everywhere with helpful advice and colossal patience; but I think the main point was the intense enthusiasm of the company to do the thing really well and to give of their best. I did not go to 'The Rhinegold' on January 27. I had seen it many times, also played in it, and one of the rules I tried to keep was not to go to the theatre the night before I had a performance. Next day was 'The Valkyrie'.

What a thrill we got as the first notes of the Prelude drifted to us waiting on the stage. The first entrance of Siegmund into the hut was quite breath-taking. Hyde had made a splendid impression on us all at rehearsals, and when he almost fell on to the stage at his entry, I had a great feeling of wonders to come—and they did. Sieglinde's entrance comes very soon after this, and from that moment there was sheer delight in singing the beautiful music and playing with Hyde. The Hunding was finely acted and sung by Robert Radford. The act went wonderfully and we all enjoyed it. So, evidently, did the audience, for we had ten curtains at the end of that act. I thought they were never going to let us off the stage.

When we were back in our dressing rooms there suddenly came a knock on my door, and when the dresser opened it, lo and behold there was Richter standing there with Percy Pitt. They had come to congratulate us. I could hardly believe it. It seemed

incredible that such a great man as Richter should come to us to do that. I was greatly touched, and it always remains in my memory as a very moving incident.

That night 'made' Walter Hyde. He was acclaimed on all sides and I was always glad to have been associated with him on such a great occasion. I played the Brünnhilde in 'Siegfried' and thoroughly enjoyed that too. The Brünnhilde in 'Götterdämmerung' was played by Perceval Allen. She had a voice like a clarion—quite magnificent. Nothing seemed any trouble to her and she never seemed to tire. She was a good friend of mine, and I can never quite understand why she did not become a singer of international repute. I think, perhaps, she was too contented and not so ultra-ambitious as I was.

We were all very sad when the two cycles were over, for we had all enjoyed them and working with such a great man as Hans Richter. How much he taught us, and how immense was his knowledge! He always remembered odd things one did. When I used to play the first Rhinemaiden, as he passed us to go to his rostrum, he would say to me 'Nicht schleppend' for I had a bad habit of so enjoying the music that I sometimes dragged it out.

I cannot remember if there were other performances of 'The Ring' in English at Covent Garden. I do not think there were—but the late Mr. George Riseley gave concert performances at the Bristol Festival which were very successful. Then came Denhof's productions—I think in 1910 in Edinburgh—which were successful; but, later on, his ventures ended badly.

Those were the great days of beginnings, and I am so glad to have been included in them.—*Third Programme*

## Tintin, Milou, and European Humanism

By OLIVIER TODD

**A** FEW months ago the French Government forced down the aircraft in which five Algerian nationalist leaders had taken seats. The serious daily *Le Monde* said that this move was rather like a *Tintin et Milou* operation. In one of the most sophisticated Parisian literary reviews, André Breton was recently described as the Professor Tournesol of Surrealism.

Suppose that in two or three hundred years people do research on French colonial problems or on modern verse and they come across such allusions, the Bibliothèque Nationale having meanwhile been destroyed. These students might conclude that Tintin, Milou, and Tournesol were important figures in a mythology produced by the French-speaking civilisation of the early twentieth century. They would not be far wrong.

The *Tintin et Milou* saga has up to now been developed in seventeen albums. Many of them have been translated into German, Spanish, English, Dutch, and Portuguese. Their creator, the Belgian artist Hergé, began serialising these adventures twenty-five years ago as black-and-white comic strips in a Brussels newspaper. The current use of offset printing techniques has helped the prodigious circulation of the books. Their influence is so widespread and unquestioned in all strata of the population that one interested in France should know what they are about: not only because children's books, good ones and bad ones, are an important part of culture, but because when grown-ups become passionately interested in them some kind of nostalgia is involved.

The spirit of this kind of publication changes considerably from one generation to another. Fifty years ago children were brought up on the positivism of Jules Verne and on the sadistic moralism of Madame de Ségur. Before the last war, the *Pieds-Nickelés* were favourites.

These three professional thieves with delightful names—Croquignol, Ribouldingue and Filochard—were incarnations of evil and of what is ambiguously called *le système D*, short for *débrouillardise* or 'know-how'. It really boils down to getting on at the expense of others and covers anything from finding food when no one else can, preferably by stealing it, to not paying one's taxes. It is a nice concept, with a popularity that can go some way to explaining the Third Republic. By now the *Pieds-Nickelés* have deteriorated into atrociously vulgar petty swindlers. In the 'thirties and 'forties we were also interested in Bibi Fricotin, a young detective who was virtuous enough but rather remote, perhaps too much at ease with ordinary adults.

Tintin is different in many ways; and his companions are more friendly. Of course he is endowed, like the majority of these heroes, with reassuring metaphysical qualities. Like substance, he does not change. He is ageless: time does not exist as far as he is concerned. His appearance suggests that he may be anything from twelve to eighteen years old, but like all true gods he is eternal. He has a round, healthy face with a small exclusive nose, perpetually surprised eyebrows, and a *toupet* of fair, slightly ginger hair. He never worries about hunger, fatigue, or money matters. His physical endurance is formidable, rather like that which allows children to go on playing and running about long after their parents are exhausted. He will never need tranquillisers: that is partly why we need him. He is almost always wearing the same brown suit with archaic plus-fours. When he is in the tropics, he occasionally takes off the jacket. He has a weakness for pale blue and yellow shirts, and puts on a tie at embassy parties.

Tintin does not have to eat or wash or go to bed at regular hours. Identification is therefore attractively easy. He is very good at



Tintin and Milou



disguising himself with any handy rug or towel. Yet he remains recognisable, except by those he is trying to deceive in the plot. There seems to be a tacit agreement with the younger readers that he is not to overdo his disguising. Those who can follow happenings only through the perfectly explicit pictures are not left out by his impersonations. Tintin and Hergé know that children enjoy being frightened and deceived all the more if they have asked for it as part of the 'let's pretend' ritual. As detective stories go, the Tintin albums are strings of suspicious pursuits. As in Guignol, the French Punch and Judy shows, the spectators are always given more than a fair share of omniscience.

To my mind Tintin himself is often perfectly dull and dully perfect, though he is not meant to be. He is as righteous as Corneille's characters but he is not faced with their dilemmas. A professional free-lance journalist, he is excellent at unravelling riddles. A piece of paper, a cigarette stub, a toy gun in a shop window get him ratiocinating in no time, and that brings him dangerously close to Holmes' most tiresome inductive and deductive brainstorms, only just redeemed by his good-natured naivety. Tintin speaks all languages. According to circumstances he falls into Aztec, Hindi, or Gaelic—that is to say French. He does not have to aim at universality: he is universal. Natives address him in their own pidgin versions of French.

Fortunately, like a good existentialist subject, his real being proceeds from others. His ever-present associates provide him with a personality he would not have on his own, which indeed he did not have in the earlier albums when he was almost alone. He owes a great deal to his dog Milou, a white fox-terrier with a sense of humour, who is not taken in by his master and conducts his own asides without pomposity. A series of stage conventions relate Milou to Tintin and to us. Milou understands when he is spoken to. He talks freely. But although the readers know that he is speaking, the other human characters in the tale do not. Milou has problems. He is, say, forced to decide whether he is going to carry the long-sought-for sceptre of the King of Syldavia or a particularly succulent bone. He goes through a variety of emotions before doing his duty. That definitely makes him more human than his master. Milou is also a necessary link with the animal world. After being with him for a while, it seems perfectly natural to hear an elephant talking.

The most picturesque character, however, is beloved Captain Haddock. A retired black-bearded, whisky-loving sailor, he swears in 145 different ways, all original and proper. Almost on the same level is Professor Tournesol, a gentle, deaf, and very vague scientist who spends most of his time being kidnapped and burning the plans of his inventions when they could be used for evil purposes. Then come, in step, the two bowler-hatted twin policemen, Dupont and Dupond. They symbolise bureaucratic inefficiency and stupidity but not the cruelty with which the police are generally credited in Latin countries. They are the best and probably the only example of Bergson's theory of laughter produced by mechanical repetition and break-down.

Around Tintin, Milou, Captain Haddock, Professor Tournesol, and Dupont and Dupond swarm hundreds of richly described, perfectly differentiated secondary humours, from the South American general turned music-hall artist, through Nestor the butler, to the singer Bianca Castafiore. Even purely episodic characters, a fireman, a passing motorist, a talkative salesman, have strong unforgettable individualities. General types always emerge from particular traits.

More remarkable still, although there are plenty of conventional villains, it is always assumed that they can change for the better. They have no fixed essence, like Tintin. During a trip to the moon, Wolff, Tournesol's traitor assistant, repents and sacrifices himself by jumping into space to provide more oxygen for the other passengers of the expedition. Heroism in *Tintin et Milou* is useful, not absurd or whimsical. This systematic effort at understanding human beings diffuses a light, refreshing optimism. Hergé

is, in fact, a moralist who manages to put his convictions over without preaching tediously. His stories are worked out in such a way that solidarity, justice, tolerance, and democratic liberties are shown to be positive features in the world; international power-politics, racial prejudice, and totalitarianism negative ones. His contribution to literature is one of the best antidotes against all the crude comics that are sold by the million in France every week to children and adults.

Hergé obviously tries to be fair, even if he does not always succeed when he sets his tales in a complex contemporary political setting. By now he has given almost everybody reason for displeasure with his satires: the Japanese when he sends Tintin to China during the war; the Russians and the Germans with his imaginary semi-nazi, semi-stalinist state of Borduria; the French

with his comments on colonialism; the Americans with his parodies of gangsterism, the British with his descriptions of Middle-East affairs. Hergé panders to no one. In his own quiet way he is equally far from Jdanovism and McCarthyism—perhaps the correct place of a European humanist. On religious questions his sympathies seem to be with Catholicism, but all creeds are respected, up to superstition—surely an excellent lesson for children and adults who have a tendency to think that anything which is different is automatically absurd.

In the *Blue Lotus*, which seems to me his most subtle album, Tintin has a conversation with a young Chinaman he has rescued.

'Why did you save my life?' asks Chong Cheng Jen. 'I thought all white devils were bad, like those that massacred my grandparents....'

'Ah yes, during the Boxer war', replies Tintin. 'No, all whites aren't bad. The people of the world don't know one another. Many Europeans, you know, believe that the Chinese are cruel and that they can't be trusted.... That Chinese rivers are full of babies drowned when they're born....'

'How funny the inhabitants of your country are!' exclaims Chong.

This is a constant theme in *Tintin et Milou*.

The albums are packed with factual information. Within the ordinary framework of classical adventure they make the universe an exciting, happy hunting-ground, always understandable by reason. Nothing is ever impossible. It is well known that Hergé and his team aim at accuracy, precision, and more generally truth, in their drawings. Their poetical realism sometimes recalls if not the art at least the spirit of Flemish painters. They imply considerable regard for young readers and are opposed to the irrationalism of ordinary comics. No detail is considered trivial. Everything, from the uniform of a Swiss *gendarme* to a primitive statuette, is faithfully reproduced. Difficult new words and expressions are introduced intelligently. I have been able to watch my six-year-old son enriching his vocabulary through these books.

The narrative technique used in the presentation of the pictures—every album contains more than 600 of them—is truly cinematographic. Gags, close-ups, climaxes, suspense are liberally intertwined, and one does not drop a Tintin any more than one walks out in the middle of a good film. Hergé's craft can be assessed by comparing the early, uninteresting black-and-white vignettes with the latest coloured pictures, or by examining closely the expressions of his characters' eyes, and their hands so full of life and feeling.

A few years ago a group of Americans intended to bury a good many feet underground specimens of contemporary civilisation, in case most of us were wiped out and no trace left on the surface of the earth. If these well-meaning people are interested in some of the best aspects of European humanism, measure, equilibrium, a taste for justice, humour, generosity, and an un-maudlin liking for human beings, I feel they ought to put a couple of *Tintin et Milou* albums with the other vestiges. Whoever digs them up would find them enlightening: and useful, if we have to go through another Stone Age.—*Third Programme*



Dupont and Dupond, Tintin, and Captain Haddock



## Four Poems

### The Letters

You wrote them years ago: and on the day  
Your son is christened, going through this trunk  
Where so much débris has been strapped away,  
I come across them in a pile of junk.

I tug; they spill like ashes, soft and grey,  
The sheets on which the childish phrases sprawl;  
Words that I thought that time had rubbed away  
Still murderous with the love that they recall.

I do not blame you. Who could have foreseen  
That clenched within this file would live the sum  
Of all the things that I might once have been,  
Of all the things that I have since become?

For all your kindness, how could you have guessed  
That as, today, I tear them from the teeth  
Where No on No, where hell on hell lay pressed,  
I seem to strip apart some inner sheath:

Until not only letters spill, but tears  
For that lost, cheated love I pushed away  
Deep in this trunk through all these years and years  
To find again by chance and touch today?

FRANCIS KING

### Entrance Visa

Sand and that was all. That was the land.  
A second sun blazed up between our feet;  
Our hearts were in our shoes, under the sand.

Did you remark the cruel and lovely sea,  
and how it smiled and left us?  
White electric cliffs? Caves blacker than black can be?

No, we remarked our passports in their limp procession.  
We tried to seem just like the photograph inside.  
We hoped we looked our age, our sex, and our profession.

We were the Descendancy. Hurt but not surprised.  
Atoning for our predecessors' every oath and sneer,  
We paid in poverty the rich men's debt.  
Oh, we had gladly kissed the watching babies,  
but their tongues were out and wet.

The sand boiled round our shoes;  
We needed horny feet, of course, or else a car.  
The shed was one big blood-orange; we the bruise.  
We praised the customs officer for his fluent speech.  
We wanted to declare our loving views. He wouldn't hear.  
And so we crept behind our passports,  
From rancorous hand to hand, pretending not to care.

Now all that's past.  
We find the country has its seasons,  
Each street its shadier side. One bar at least  
allows us credit;  
There's no discrimination in the lizard's wink.  
We know which laws we can ignore; and all the reasons.  
For one of us has written on the country's ways;  
We all have read it.

We pause and joke with a policeman.  
We see the tourists being done down in the shops,  
And see the shops burnt down and looted by the mob,

And see the mob cut down and beaten by policemen.  
Perhaps we don't agree with what we see. We understand.  
Perhaps we don't fit in, quite. But who does?

We've paid our way.

As for our children, though—  
Must they pay too, and pay the ancient debt once more?  
Or will they seek revenge for our small shames,  
to turn again the tables of the law?

We pray they'll find the land a little readier for them,  
Themselves a little readier for the land.

D. J. ENRIGHT

### The Hippopotamus

The bloated hippopotamus  
Inhabits Java's jungle reeds,  
Where in each cavern's depth there snarl  
More monsters than a nightmare breeds.

The boa hisses and uncoils;  
The tiger's howls might freeze the blood;  
The buffalo in fury snorts;  
Unmoved, he sleeps or crops his food.

He fears no kris, no assegai;  
At sight of man he holds his ground;  
He grins to see the natives' guns;  
Bullets against his hide rebound.

I am the hippopotamus:  
Out of my private mind is made  
My armour proof against all steel:  
I tread the desert unafraid.

BRIAN HILL, after THEOPHILE GAUTIER'S 'L'Hippopotame'

### Sterkfontein

*The Sterkfontein caves, near Krugersdorp, Transvaal, were the scene of Dr. Broom's famous discovery of the skeletal remains of prehistoric man*

Our caves do not go boom! or make one nervy  
For they are underground, and dark and hard,  
And high up near a Scot a Van der Merwe  
Has notched his name, and left the crystal scarred.

Our caves say nothing in aggressive manner.  
The skulls are dumb, and who would dare say less?  
We throw away a flag to flaunt a banner;  
Our caves have echoes which say No to Yes.

In India the smooth sides makes one shiver,  
But here the walls have teeth, the roof is low;  
And suddenly a deep and silent river  
Looms out of nothing, and into nothing flows.

Some of the time we walk upright, though slowly,  
Often we have to stoop and crouch beneath  
A craggy corridor, where aching, lowly,  
We reach a cavern strewn with ancient teeth.

And when we reach the light—bare veld and boulder  
Hard as the hidden bones within the caves  
Stand in the wind, that wind which, growing colder,  
Will blow us to the kingdom of shared graves.

RUTH MILLER



# Three London Art Exhibitions

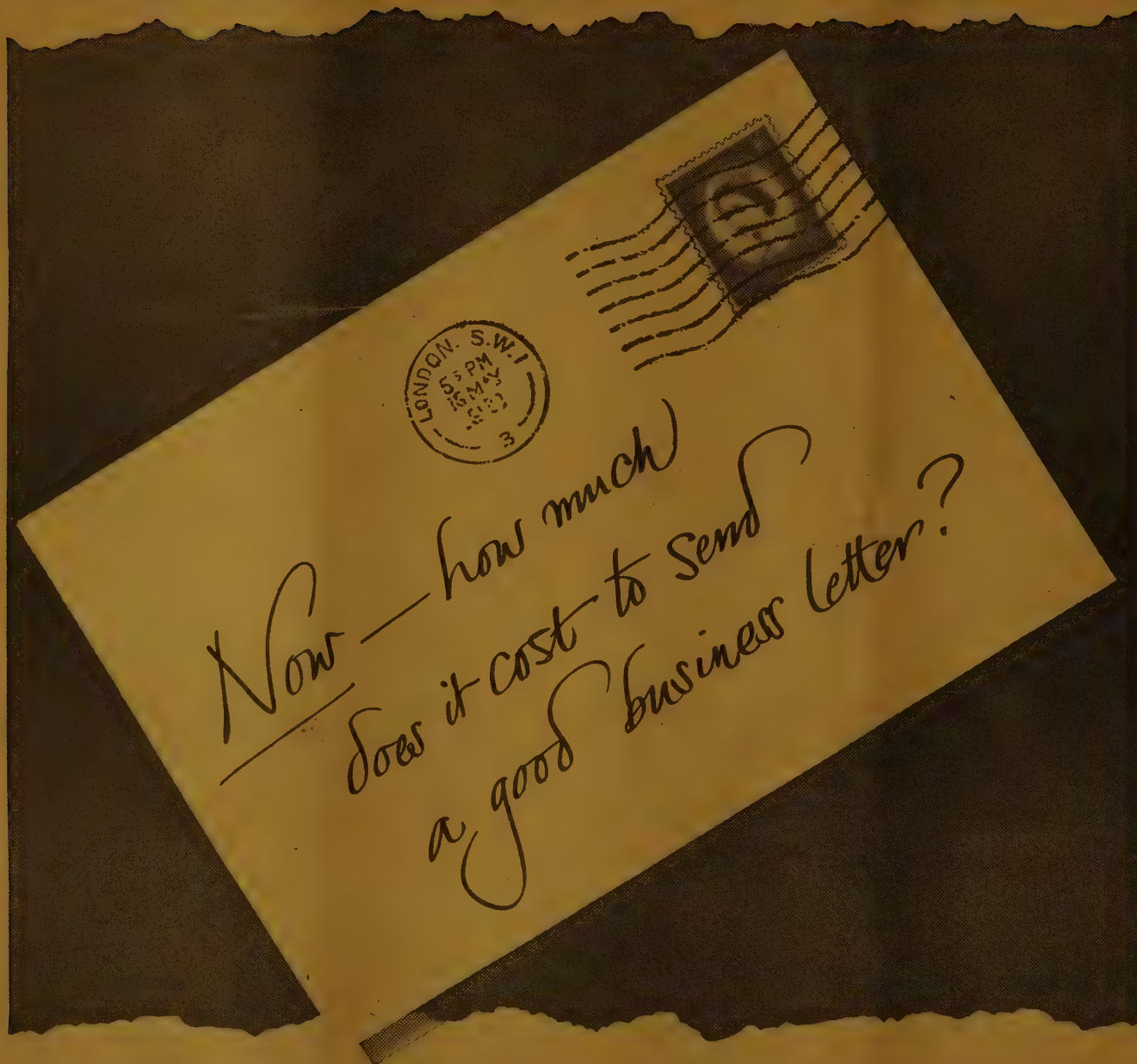


Above, left: 'Bather', by Sidney Nolan, to which Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock alluded in his article last week: from the exhibition at Gallery One

Above: 'Desdemona Cursed by her Father', by Delacroix: from the new exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings opening at the Lefevre Galleries today

Left: 'The Floating Studio', one of the four paintings that have been added to the Monet exhibition since its transfer from Edinburgh to the Tate Gallery





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# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## The Liberal Dilemma

Sir,—Mr. Klappholz entirely misses the point. Of course a greater abundance of goods *per se* widens the area of human choice. But the whole question is, if in a given case this greater abundance can only be produced by the acceptance of a discipline that destroys freedom and a well-loved pattern of life, at what point does the price that is required for it become too high?

Yours, etc.,

Mells

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

Sir,—Mr. Kurt Klappholz takes Mr. Christopher Hollis to task for suggesting (THE LISTENER, September 26) that, above subsistence levels, the idea of a 'higher standard of living' may be ambiguous and often meretricious. But surely it is permissible to distinguish between 'being richer than . . .' and 'having a higher standard of living than . . .'. These two concepts are regarded as interchangeable in statistical economics. But, in human terms, we all sense that they are not the same thing. We do not say that Sir Bernard Docker has 'a higher standard of living' than, for instance, a less exalted company director who earns a mere £5,000 a year. It would sound very odd if things were put that way. What we do say is that Sir Bernard is the richer of the two.

This distinction in usage seems to me to correspond to an important distinction in reality. Does a man with two cars have 'a higher standard of living' than a man with only one? And does a man with three cars have 'a higher standard of living' than a man with only two? If we allow ourselves to be completely bemused by mathematical propositions (or by clever advertising), such a conclusion is inevitable. But most of us would be aware that, in this case, mathematics had somehow lost touch with our intended meanings.

Mr. Klappholz asserts, what is often said, that 'the standard of living' in the United States 'is approximately thrice as high as in this country'. As an American who has lived in England for the past four years, and who has only recently returned from a visit to his homeland, I submit that this proposition is simply absurd. To be sure, it is founded on accurate statistics. But when we poke behind the statistics, what do we find? That the disproportion arises out of such facts as most Americans having a twenty-one-inch television screen rather than a seventeen-inch one, or a kitchen with a garbage-disposal unit rather than a trash-can, etc., etc. All of these, which dutifully make their contribution to the statistical results, have little concrete significance. I personally have never felt that, because in England I place my garbage in a trash-can instead of down a mechanical disposal unit, I have suffered a decline in my 'standard of living'.

Moreover, many of the items on which the statistics are based play quite different roles in the two countries. America is awfully hot in the summer and can use air-conditioning units to advantage; England has no great use for them; nevertheless, in the comparative figures, they show up as an English deficiency. In America, which is a sprawling country, a car is usually a necessity: one cannot do the shopping, or get to work, without it. It also has to be a large car because the distances for a holiday jaunt, or for visiting relations, are great. In fairness, the smallness and relative intimacy of England would have to be counted as in itself contributing to a 'higher standard of living'—but such general, qualitative features are never reckoned with in the statistics.

The United States is certainly a richer country than England, and the average American certainly possesses more—in purely quantitative terms—than the average Englishman. But this difference is not synonymous with what we commonly mean by a difference in 'standard of living'. From my own observation, speaking in terms of the ordinary decencies of life, and taking into account the different physical characteristics, habits, and customs of the two countries, I should say that the average British industrial

worker can reasonably regard himself as being as comfortably situated as his American counterpart.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

IRVING KRISTOL

Sir,—Mr. Klappholz' criticisms of Mr. Christopher Hollis are sufficiently answered elsewhere in THE LISTENER of September 26 by Sir Hugh Casson's talk on Subtopia in America.

There is nothing whatever perverse in regarding many of our artefacts as childish toys nor can a hatred of their ugliness be aptly described as the 'arrogance of austerity'.

Mr. Hollis' talk was timely and stimulating.—Yours, etc.,

Dorchester

REYNOLDS STONE

## The Pakistan Civil Service

Sir,—May I be permitted to point out an inaccuracy in the interesting talk on 'The Pakistan Civil Service' in THE LISTENER of September 19, which stated that out of serving British officers in Pakistan 'unfortunately, only a small group accepted' the guarantee of continued service. This is not quite fair to the I.C.S. cadre. What really happened is that a considerable number, whose hearts were with the people, Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, and Christian, with whom they had worked so long, offered to stay on, either in the East or the West Punjab. The Pakistan Government refused to retain those whose professed allegiance was so ambiguous.

This was easy to understand. Pakistanis were indignant about a partition which handed over large tracts of country predominantly inhabited by Muslims, such as Ferozepore, with its all important arsenal, to the East Punjab. An experienced official, with the help of the coloured Settlement maps of the Revenue Survey, showing the blocks of country villages inhabited by the different religions, could have traced out in an hour a map showing the existing demarcation between the religions. Pakistan was told that the balance of the one third of the munitions of war left behind by the British would be handed over by India. This of course never happened.

It was ordered in advance that all licensed arms would be taken away from the holders, in order to prevent the possibility of bloodshed; but this did not apply to the *kirpans*, four-foot swords carried by Sikhs as 'religious emblems', and therefore not required to be licensed. No wonder that, when in answer to H.E. Sir Francis Mudie's letter in *The Times* offering to fly out those with experience of social work to help to deal with the victims of partition in the West Punjab, applications were made to the High Commissioner, applicants were informed that only doctors and nurses were needed. This did not deter Miss Marcella Sherwood (who had survived the Amritsar riots of 1919) from flying out, and riding out at the head of a column of refugees from the East Punjab and successfully defying anyone to touch them.

Gratitude for this, and for the devoted help of the British and American communities in dealing with the maimed victims who had survived the ghastly massacres, superseded the indignation originally felt after the partition; but it is to be hoped that it will not be assumed from the fact that few of them were retained, that British members of the I.C.S. in the Punjab behaved on the whole like rats leaving a sinking ship.—Yours, etc.,

Killin

A. C. MACNAB OF MACNAB

## Power and Principle in Central Africa

Sir,—People in central Africa may well wish to be saved from their friends when they read Mr. Goldman's plainly well-intentioned letter (THE LISTENER, September 26). His concluding aphorism—'what is right for a society is that which is expedient'—is either a platitude (what can be wrong with something that suits everyone?) or a question-begging slogan of the sort which brings under suspicion the policies it is intended to support. Expedient for whom?



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adventures in India.

December choice  
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January choice  
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**P & O**

A COMMONWEALTH LIFELINE



If he will read what I said again he will see that I stuck as closely as possible to the text of the Tredgold Commission's report. I judged that it put forward a theory of what franchise would 'work' (in some undefined sense, but evidently meaning one that would not itself lead to a breakdown of liberal democracy), and I criticised it for taking too little account of what Africans *feel* to be their political rights; for unless it can do this it will surely prove *inexpedient* and liberal democracy will stand in danger of breaking down as it has in South Africa.

The real burden of Mr. Goldman's objections is evidently his conviction that 'behind' what I said there is a 'suggestion . . . that we in this country have the only sound, reasonable and fair political system'. My views about that are irrelevant and played no part in my argument.

Mr. Goldman's ideas about the American Indians seem to be of Rousseau-esque vintage; what moral he wishes to draw for central Africa from the American Government's treatment of them is unclear. If the Africans just wished to be left alone there would, apparently, be no problem; on Mr. Goldman's theory of how to proceed, the Europeans ought simply to leave the country. Fortunately (since the Europeans mean to stay) the Africans wholeheartedly desire an 'alien way of life'—the one the Europeans are practising. The problem is not that the universal suffrage already practised among the Europeans would not suit the Africans (they are sure it would); but that universal suffrage as practised by Africans as well would not (it is suspected) suit the Europeans. Whether it is 'really' the *best* system for either Europeans or Africans is another matter; who does Mr. Goldman suggest should be the judge of that?

Yours, etc.,  
COLIN LEYS

Oxford

## Radio Drama

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of September 26 Mr. Roy Walker, after his usual crisp fashion, accuses my department in general, and myself in particular, of trying to 'get away with murder', and claims that it is his business as a critic to prevent us doing so.

I feel impelled to suggest that Mr. Roy Walker is in danger of confusing criticism with the riding of a hobby-horse. He has on various occasions made it clear that in his opinion my department should concern itself solely with the presentation of stage plays in broadcasting terms. He also asserts that no other sort of material, the novel least of all, is susceptible to satisfactory radio dramatic treatment. This is a perfectly comprehensible point of view: I submit it is not criticism.

I have always assured Mr. Walker that it is not our intention to abandon the representation on the air of examples of English and foreign classic drama, and it is not our intention to omit from our schedules such contemporary plays as make satisfactory material for broadcasting. But I would remind Mr. Walker that stage plays are conceived in the minds of their authors in terms of sight as well as sound. It is therefore not surprising that stage plays should adapt more easily to the television medium, which implies sight as well as sound, nor that such television adaptations should in the majority of cases more nearly represent the intentions of the said authors than their presentation in terms of sound alone. It would surely be crying for the moon to expect an audience which had the choice of a television production and of a sound production of the same play to plump for the latter, save in very exceptional circumstances.

In my belief, the future of radio drama is not to be found in a heroic and desperate rearguard action conducted along the lines of persisting in a policy demonstrably out of date. It is not our business to compete with television in a field in which the latter can be shown to be superior. It is essentially our business to experiment with and exploit material drawn from no matter where, which is susceptible to radio-dramatic—and I repeat radio-dramatic—treatment. I cannot hope to persuade Mr. Walker that the essence of drama, as opposed to 'theatre' is to be found in quite a number of novels and in a vast number of short stories. He may be right, and I may be wrong, but I prefer to undertake pioneering in a region which may be, from Mr. Walker's point of view, unthinkable and uninteresting, rather than to confine my department's activities within the limits of an out-moded and largely dying theatrical convention.

There is no question of laying down in future schedules any definitive proportion of adapted novels and radio scripts to adapted stage plays. The relative numbers of all types of radio drama will depend on what material can be found, on what plays are written, and on the ingenuity of adaptors and producers. Mr. Walker seems to be under the impression that I am concealing deadly secrets and 'tacit agreements' and demands that I 'show my hand'. The hand is shown herewith.

In his role of pedagogue Mr. Walker will no doubt slap it well and truly. I fear I remain unbowed.—Yours, etc.,

B.B.C., London, W.1

VAL GIELGUD

## Caravans in Devon

Sir,—Mr. Martin Armstrong is always readable, but in his remarks on caravans in Devon (THE LISTENER, September 19) he is less objective than one expects of a critic writing on documentaries. Things must not emotionally be identified with their misuse. Presumably Mr. Armstrong does not detest houses because of the existence of slums.

We all know that many caravans are unsightly, and that many caravan sites are in the wrong places and badly laid out as well, but if you give millions more people the leisure and the money to take holidays without planning any accommodation for them, the demand will break out irresistibly where and as best it can. Caravans were available, and they have met the need. If they had never been invented, you would now have a rash of huts, old bus bodies, etc., round the coasts.

Let us concentrate on cleaning up the messy side of the expansion of caravanning, finding where it can best be absolved, and working out the best solution to the holiday need, which has not nearly reached its peak yet. To demand that this 'public nuisance' be checked without putting anything better in its place is to demand that millions of people should go without holidays.

Incidentally, caravans are not regarded by the people of Devon and other holiday counties as the unmixed evil that Mr. Armstrong thinks. They have brought a great deal of prosperity to these areas. I do not say that peace and beauty should be sold to help the rates, but I do say that it is inadvisable to pass judgement without getting the picture clear.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

W. M. WHITEMAN  
Editor, *The Caravan*

## Uncertain Sounds

Sir,—There is no more fruitful subject of controversy than pronunciation (and how I agree with Miss Freda White's friends on that particularly awful variation from the normal!).

With regard to 'tryst', I can confirm that the living pronunciation is as spelt. Our gardener said recently that he could not go to hospital, as he had not been 'trysted!' And, apart from live custom, the long 'y' is much more musical.

I have myself noted other (to me) peculiarities of pronunciation that are creeping into common (and B.B.C.) use. One is that words ending in an 'l' sound, such as meal, feel, etc., are pronounced as dissyllables: 'fee-ul' and 'me-ul'. 'Contrariwise', 'jewel', and 'fuel' are perversely given as monosyllables.

With Miss Freda White, I am all for local accents, which are a delight, but I feel that standard English should be carefully guarded. The Cockney accent is certainly gaining ground. I saw 'fail' and 'dial' admitted as a rhyme in *Punch* some little time ago. There is also a curious and growing tendency to put the stress on to the first syllable of words normally accented on the second, e.g., in an otherwise fine and musical poem printed in THE LISTENER of September 19 the word 'abyss' would have to be pronounced like 'abess' to fit the metre.

'P'lice' for police is another of my bugbears; in Ireland the 'o' is given its full value, though the stress remains on the second syllable. And, oh! if we could once and for all outlaw the 'intrusive r' and put it back in its proper place, but I am afraid people will continue to speak of 'lawr and awdah' in spite of protests!—Yours, etc.,

Belfast

RUTH DUFFIN

Mr. Ian Jack, who has been away in Australia, points out in the course of a letter that in his broadcast talk 'Shelley's Search for Readers' published in THE LISTENER of June 6 the word 'not' on page 918, line 46 should have been 'now' and in line 61 the word 'merely' should have been 'surely'.



# NEWS DIARY

September 25–October 1

## Wednesday, September 25

American Federal troops escort Negro children into the Central High School at Little Rock

Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking to American Bankers' Association in Atlantic City, states that the Government's financial measures will not bring Britain's development to a standstill

The Soviet Five-Year Plan is to be extended by several years

## Thursday, September 26

Government rejects Opposition's request for an inquiry into alleged Bank rate leak

Prime Minister of Iraq joins in discussions between King Saud and Syrian leaders in Damascus

Mr. Hammarskjöld re-elected Secretary-General of the United Nations for another five years

## Friday, September 27

The Minister of the Interior in Ghana speaks about the use he intends to make of his powers

The Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen to make a claim for a 10 per cent. wage increase

## Saturday, September 28

Labour Party Executive states that the next Labour Government will repeal the Rent Act

Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference opens in Quebec

President Eisenhower defends the decision to send Federal troops to Little Rock

## Sunday, September 29

Chancellor of the Exchequer discloses in Quebec that Britain is to put forward proposals for a free-trade agreement with Canada

Memorial services held throughout Western Germany for those who were lost in the Pamir

Pipe bands in Glasgow lead protest march against plan to amalgamate the Highland Light Infantry with the Royal Scots Fusiliers

## Monday, September 30

Annual conference of the Labour Party opens at Brighton

French Government resigns after being defeated on a vote of confidence in debate on Algeria

Indian Government bans import of wide range of consumer goods.

## Tuesday, October 1

Labour Party conference approves Executive's plan for superannuation. Mr. Bevan is re-elected Treasurer of the Party unopposed

President Coty begins consultations with the aim of finding new French Government

Funeral of King Haakon VII of Norway is held in Oslo



General Hans Speidel, Commander-in-Chief, Land Forces, Central Europe, inspecting a guard of honour when he visited the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, last week



An aerial photograph of floodwater at Atcham, near Shrewsbury, where the River Severn burst its banks during stormy weather in the west country last week

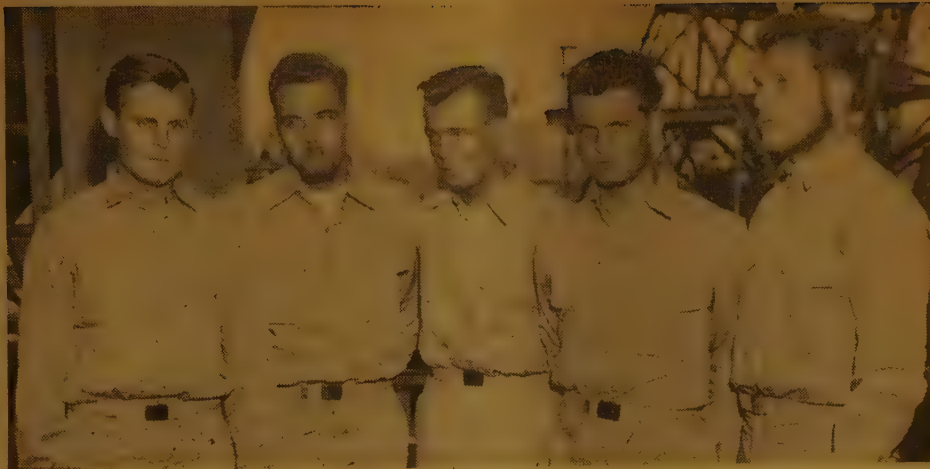
Right: a class in Edenbridge modern secondary school, Kent, watching the first programme in the B.B.C. Schools Television Service on September 24. The service, which at present is experimental, will be broadcast for twenty-five minutes daily from Monday to Friday

White window The tr





Students of the Central High School, Little Rock, Arkansas, watching from a balcony as federal troops took up their positions round the school last week. The troops were flown to the scene on the orders of President Eisenhower to prevent further incidents over the integration of the school.



Five German cadets, survivors of the training ship *Pamir*, photographed on their arrival at Casablanca on September 25 in the American transport vessel *Geiger*. They were later flown to Germany.



Sir Denis Truscott, who is to be London's next Lord Mayor, photographed outside Guildhall after his election last Saturday. Sir Denis is the third member of his family to hold this office.



'Winged Figure' by Barbara Hepworth which is among the examples of British sculpture on exhibition in Imperial Gardens, Cheltenham, as part of the town's festival of art and literature.



Three hundred men of the 2nd Battalion, the Coldstream Guards, marching last week across the new concrete bridge spanning the lake in St. James's Park, London, to test it for stresses and strains. Below, engineers record the results on instruments.





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## Autumn Books

## Marks of Grace

The Drawings of Rembrandt. By Otto Benesch. Vols. III and IV: The Middle Period (1640-50); Vols. V and VI: The Late Period (1650-69). Phaidon Press. 10 gns. each

Reviewed by LAWRENCE GOWING

FOR some great men art has been a trade, or a learned exercise, or an obsessive tic, or a branch of universal knowledge. For Rembrandt, as for very few others, it was all these things at once and yet primarily something else, a way of life. He lived through painting, and, even more plainly, he lived through drawing. Drawing could do something for him that the slower media could not: it could very nearly keep pace with thought.

There were, none the less, certain intimate functions which drawing could not perform, nor perhaps even greatly help with. It could not preserve the real substance of life for him. The richness of flesh did not materialise on paper, and Rembrandt's great love affair with the actual matter of existence was never consummated on paper. His long autobiographic meditation upon his own face was pursued on canvas: the painted self-portraits develop slowly and unremittingly one from another, only occasionally aided by the rapid transitory vision of the draughtsman. The drawing of himself of which a detail appears in the centre of this page is one of three done in the last twenty years of his life recorded in the concluding volumes of Dr. Benesch's catalogue: during the same years Rembrandt painted himself some thirty times. The bluff, workman-like, matter-of-fact aspect recorded in the drawing, the aspect that no doubt his pupils saw, is absent from a painting (in Vienna) of the pose: instead the painting reveals something elevated and withdrawn. The drawing, done partly or wholly from the memory of a momentary glimpse in the glass (the artist is not seen drawing) has neither the serenity nor the depth of probing doubt of the later paintings. Such qualities could be studied only in the flesh.

Rembrandt painted more often than not from nature. He drew usually from imagination or from memory. Drawings sometimes led towards a painting—very occasionally they may have been used in painting—but they were never subservient to it. The classical Italian relationship between painting and drawing was in fact almost reversed, and the kind of detailed study from life which it involved is almost absent from his work. It was absent at least until, when Rembrandt was past forty-five, his meditations on Italian art and the simplifying, clarifying process that was natural to him bore fruit together in a stable, formal style which can be called classical. Then, logically, he turned again to drawing from the life, and produced a series of female nudes, art-school studies beyond any comparison, and another exceptional group (which, like the nudes, is fully collected for the first time in this edition), the landscapes to which the baroque constituent of his art was relegated and where it flowered, again incomparably, in drawings done from nature.

In the late landscapes, foliage sometimes seems to proliferate

and blow with a special flamboyance to accommodate the majestic flourish which is excluded from the rest of Rembrandt's art. Yet we never doubt that the bursting natural energy of the tree and the man are one and the same; they match with so much realism together. (Similarly the vast spatial rhythm of the baroque achieves a small but perfect culmination in these designs of path, sedge and water that curve flatly away from us to tie into a rich, distant knot of woodland. One sees nowhere more fully than in Rembrandt, who was everything, the ability of the great to work at once both against their time and with it.)

The marks that Rembrandt's pen makes upon paper are one of the wonders of the world, and it is in the figure drawings, the great majority, that they are most wonderful. They are wonderful just because they are so little wilful, reflecting solely a natural quality of vision. The style has terrific pace, but not facility: Rembrandt's subject and material usually resist him a little (keeping him in the opposite category to Rubens). The speed was dictated by the urgency of the vision—in particular, the urgency of the moment in which a form was specifically visualised and within reach of his powerful double pounce, the twofold stroke, down, up and down again in one instant, drawing both sides, both contours, as they were apprehended, instantaneously. The speed here involves no rhythmic paroxysm or bravura: the living form was not made to dance, as the full baroque delighted to make it dance, to the tempo of the artist's hand. It remained delicate, often immobile, in its imagined integrity with all its natural mean-



Rembrandt at about the age of fifty: a detail from a drawing of himself now in the Rembrandthuis in Amsterdam

ing. When critics speak of a draughtsman's handwriting the metaphor is often far-fetched, but applied to Rembrandt it is exact. The pattern comes simply through the pen's inscription of this meaning.

Rembrandt's style—in the form which it reached when he was forty, when the early luxuriance of pure description, jewelled with endless curling details, disappears, assimilated into simple, block-like shapes—is perhaps the least *designed* of all the great graphic styles. Looking long at this style, one is more aware of the true involuntary quality of graphic grace than ever before. Time changes this perfection, none the less. The pen-strokes separate and disperse like straw, giving momentary effects of extreme clarity and light. Then the wash, and the painter's desperation, overwhelm them: line, even memory and imagination in their earlier senses, is no longer important. It is the flesh and its immanent spirit that absorb the artist in old age, and there are few drawings from his last years.

To go to Rembrandt's drawings for style, primarily, would be to misuse them. One goes to them for the life which was lived through them. It is a life of the imagination richly peopled from literature and from reality almost indiscriminately. One returns to



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MACMILLAN



his favourite characters for the reasons he did, for love, for entertainment, for a variety of reasons, in fact, reasons which combine into a composite definition of what we understand as human meaning.

These are the best reasons for possessing the six large volumes of the Phaidon edition. It has of course other uses, probably commoner ones, connected with the business of art history. In this connection the value of having the material entirely collected at last is inestimable. The question of the canon of authentic works—the question of which drawings are to appear in the main list and which in an appendix of attributions—is more difficult: Dr. Benesch often differs in one direction or the other from the consensus of recent opinion. This will not matter if the resulting corpus reads consistently; if, that is to say, we come to recognise Benesch's Rembrandt, as we recognise Valentiner's, Lugt's and so on, figures differing in minute detail but each coherent and identifiable. At the moment it is not quite certain that we can, nor does the chronology always help. The achievement on the part of editor and publisher remains a very great one: this is the only published graphic *œuvre* that can stand impressively beside Winkler's Dürer.

## A Love-story?

George Moore: *Letters to Lady Cunard*. Edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. Hart-Davis. 27s. 6d.

THESE LETTERS HAVE an unusual history in which I was personally involved. During the final period of Moore's life I was his biographer designate. After much preliminary work he began to introduce me to his friends—Tonks, Steer, and many others, all of whom were helpful. He told me that I must meet Lady Cunard, whom he described as 'the principal woman in his life', and a luncheon was arranged at his house. He asked her to give me access to all the letters he had written to her, 'All?' she said. 'Yes', he answered, 'all. There must be more than a thousand'. She replied that there were many more and reserved her decision.

Her view was that the biography should be published during Moore's lifetime. He and I both disagreed with her and she refused the letters. He believed that she would not continue to refuse after his death, but she remained unmoved by the request made in his will. I was pledged to him not to attempt the biography without access to this correspondence, and abandoned my task. I have no complaint against Lady Cunard on this score. A lady is fully entitled to refuse access to any private letters she may have received. I state the facts in order to prove two things: first, that the Cunard letters were in Moore's view essential to an understanding of his life; secondly, that there were at one time many more letters than now appear.

Lady Cunard bequeathed 276 letters to Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. With the omission of a few trivial notes, all these have now been printed in full in a beautiful and well-illustrated volume, edited with care, discernment and a pinch of salt by Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis. His own view of the love-story is clear. To supplement the surviving letters, he has included a passage from Chapter XXII of *Héloïse and Abélard* concerning the love of the hermit d'Arembert and the Lady Malberge which, he says, taken together with certain passages from *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, gives 'the most circumstantial account of the story'. This opinion is speculative, particularly when we remember how freely George Moore mingled fiction and autobiography, but there is much to justify it.

The justification would probably have been complete if all the letters, particularly the early ones, had been available. Moore first met Miss Maud Burke in 1894. She married Sir Bache Cunard on April 17, 1895. Moore's friendship with her and his correspondence extended over nearly forty years, and yet more than half of the letters we now have belong to the last decade of his life, whereas the first decade of their friendship is covered by fifteen pages. We are shut out from the struggle and left with an outcome wholly flattering to Lady Cunard's dignity.

Here and there a hint of struggle has escaped the net. In 1900 he is writing from Dublin:

I should like to go to Paris and see pictures with you, but at the end of the visit I foresee much bitterness. Any further bitterness might make me hate you and I don't want to do that. But you must tell me if there is danger of this.

Early in 1906 he says:

I am thinking now of those days at Holt when your mother's boxes arrived and we unpacked them together. The pretty May sunlight was dancing in the trees and along the grass, 'the lilacs bloomed in the courtyard'. . . . Your dear mother we shall never see again! How strange it seems, and in the three weeks I spent at Holt I seemed to have learned to know her so well—better possibly than I know anything else. I suppose that is why I think about her so much. You are a hard woman in many ways, but if you were less hard I don't think you would have held me captive such a long time; I don't complain of my captivity—good heavens no; it is the only allegiance I acknowledge and man without an allegiance is like a ball of thistle-down.

Whatever happened or did not happen during those early years of their friendship, it is clear that, in order to preserve at all costs a romantic memory, Moore made an act of renunciation. To the very end his letters, though they contain discourses on music, painting and literature, are at root love-letters. None of Lady Cunard's replies to him is preserved; we know of her response by implication only. On the evidence of Duveen, one of her letters ended 'yours sincerely', which rings false as part of this impassioned correspondence. Certainly she was coy of his dedications. Certainly, and fortunately, she wounded him by not answering when he proposed to place in her hands the control of his copyrights after his death. Nevertheless, she accepted his great pictures—Manet, Monet, Berthe Morisot—and we are left to wonder why she was so afraid of being associated with him. 'Every woman', he once said to her, 'must go down to posterity on some man's arm, and you must choose; either you must go down to posterity on my arm or on the arm of . . .' She chose, as she thought, against him.

Though his surviving letters have not the depth and flow of his revised writing, nor the wonderful spontaneity of Byron's, they are of absorbing interest to anyone who knew, or wishes to understand, the lovable character of this great writer who was not always superficially lovable. He is now passing through his period of purgatory and relative neglect. From this, Miss Nancy Cunard's recent volume, written with rare insight and affection, has already done much to rescue him, and the present collection, though it leaves many biographical problems unsolved, will be found of enduring value when the masterpieces come into their own again. Ironically, it is Lady Cunard's title to immortality.

CHARLES MORGAN

## Streets Broad and Narrow

*A Fretful Midge*. By Terence de Vere White.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 18s.

*Dublin Phoenix*. By Olivia Robertson. Cape. 18s.

THE author of *A Fretful Midge* has played a curious and reprehensible trick on his readers. He attributes this volume of Dublin reminiscence to 'Bernard Vandaleur', a life-long friend who put him 'in possession of his papers' before mysteriously going away; and he expresses concern lest, by including too much of the material, he should make things hot for him on his return.

The result of this gambit is cruelly to raise our hopes. We do not, of course, believe in Bernard Vandaleur for an instant, but we assume that the author had a reason for inventing him. No one in Ireland expects a man to write boldly and frankly under his own name: the eternal pseudonyms at the foot of *Letters to Editors* are proof of that, and I still remember the happy amazement with which I once read a fearless denunciation of the habit in the *Irish Times*. It ended up, however, to the effect that as the correspondent did not wish his career to be over before it had fairly begun, he must regretfully sign himself 'Politician'.

Mr. White, then, leads us to think that his book will be at any rate 'controversial', the term commonly applied in Ireland to descriptions of things as they are. In fact it is the most harm-



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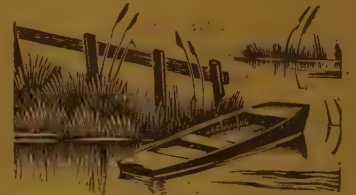
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less little affair conceivable. The hero of it, be he Vandaleur or White, is a middle-aged professional man with literary and artistic leanings, who takes an innocent pleasure in acquaintance with the celebrated; and he writes of Dublin with the demure circumspection of a man obliged to make his living there. Such attacks as he launches are apt to be on venerable Aunt Sallies, like the Censorship or the Irish Philistine: his exposures, of people like Mr. de Valera who are well able to undertake this office for themselves.

This being said, *A Fretful Midge* may be recommended for the delightful character studies in it, and the pervading, deliciously quiet sense of mischief. Mr. White can be careless and he can be a little too resolutely bright, but at his best he is excellent company. Unlike many of his compatriots, he directs his wit as much at himself as at others: the impulse, whether from 'alcohol or chronic *folie de grandeur*', which led him to state falsely that he wished to buy a horse for his wife, the mania for riding which took him once the animal had been implacably delivered, his participation in a notable hunt, provide material for the funniest pages in a funny book.

Ireland is a small country of small resource where everything has long since been chewed to pulp, and it is understandable that some of the stories of George Moore, Dr. Richard Best and other lights should not be new. But 'Aunt Chavvy', who was also the author George Egerton, is a welcome addition to the roll of oddities: 'Always I wanted her to talk about Wilde, Shaw, Yeats, Beardsley and the writers of her day, always she dismissed such subjects—usually contemptuously—and brought up her own—Irish genealogy. When she was not on that theme, she was railing against Ireland or the family. I seemed to have a fatal knack of saying things which opened the flood-gates of these unpromising topics'. Speaking as one appreciative reader, I should have liked more of 'Aunt Chavvy', of the Father Panglosses and the Miss Fittes, less of ancient political differences and nothing at all about the Lane Pictures.

Miss Robertson writes of Dublin, too, and the note she sounds is best given by the following commendably honest passage: 'Luckily I am short-sighted, so when I walk by the Dodder I take my glasses off and only see the river, not the tins. This is perhaps a typically Irish attitude, and I tend to spend most of my life without my glasses: for me, then, the streets are clean, the river fresh and the people flourishing'. Whether or no the Dublin she so dearly loves is best served by this amiable practice, the reader will have no difficulty at all in believing that she adopted it: indeed, 'Without My Glasses' might well have been the title of the book. Yet there is vitality and freshness in her writing: she knows her Dublin, the slums, the suburbs and the popular beaches as well as the elegant Georgian squares; and, rare and pleasant thing, she hardly deals in personalities at all.

HONOR TRACY

## Highway to Serfdom

**Oriental Despotism.** By Karl A. Wittfogel.  
Oxford, for Yale University Press. 60s.

THE RIVER FLOWING through an arid land may be persuaded to provide life-giving moisture to the neighbouring fields, but it may turn out to be a highway to serfdom. The comparative study of political and economic systems by such writers as Montesquieu, the two Mills, and Max Weber, has recognised what James Mill called the 'Asiatic model of government', and what Marx called the 'Asiatic mode of production', as distinctive institutional systems. Studies have been made of particular examples: India, China, Egypt and the empires of Mesopotamia, but not until now have we had a comparative study of oriental despotism as such. This gigantic task has been undertaken by the distinguished sinologist, Professor Wittfogel, and he has produced a monumental work of the greatest importance.

In Professor Wittfogel's view—a view held by many other historians—the source of despotic power lies in the control of waterways, the provision of water for large-scale irrigation works

and the protection of the surrounding countryside from flooding. 'Large-scale' is the key expression. There are many societies which irrigate their fields on a small scale, but such 'hydro-agriculture' does not give rise to the formidable social structures which constitute 'hydraulic society'. Small-scale irrigation can be carried out on an egalitarian and tribal basis. Large-scale water manipulation, as anyone who has seen the huge water conservancy projects of modern China can testify, demands considerable organisation. How it started no one knows. We must imagine some organising genius, with an eye to the possibilities of a really big scheme, persuading his fellows that if they do what he tells them their parched lands will be made fertile. Once this has been done the rest follows. One man cannot be everywhere at once; he needs a staff to assist him, and thus an embryonic bureaucracy comes into being. Bit by bit the system takes shape. The masses of the people are reduced to a vast pool of taxable *corvée* labour. They may be called upon not only for the original hydraulic operations, but also for the construction of roads, temples, defence works, and palatial residences.

The bureaucracy ramifies; the head of the state assumes divine authority; an elaborate system of communications keeps the centre well informed; wealth flows into the hands of the controllers of the apparatus. Such is the basic structure, but it takes different shapes in different places. Professor Wittfogel casts his net wide. He draws in the pre-conquest empires of Central America and Peru, the Hawaiian kingdoms, the Hopi Indians and the African Chagga and compares them with the Ottoman Turks, the Hellenistic empires, India, Egypt, China and the Ancient East. The greatest internal danger is the rise of an independent propertied class, whether based on land, industry, or commerce, and property is dealt with in different ways from one regime to another, but in ways which insure that its owners can never achieve political power outside the bureaucracy. Even the bureaucrats themselves may not prove reliable; they have to be watched and from time to time the ruler may rely on such groups as he can mobilise who are completely dependent upon him: eunuchs, slaves, and priests. Punitive laws keep the discontented in check and the children are brought up to practise the supreme virtue of obedience to their fathers and to the King. Oriental despotism, however, is not confined to its hydraulic origins. It is catching. It spread to Imperial Rome, and, via the Tartars, to Russia—a fact appreciated by both Marx and Lenin.

Professor Wittfogel's book is in the first place a masterpiece of comparative sociology in the grand manner, but it is not only that. It is also intended to be a contribution to social theory. If he is right, the class system in such societies is based on bureaucratic status and not on property, though the former will, of course, lead to the latter. If private property and religion are controlled, then oriental despotism is entirely different from feudalism and from the 'absolute' monarchies that followed it in western Europe. This being so, there is no unilinear development from slave-ownership through feudalism and capitalism to socialism, and Professor Wittfogel shows how the Marxist theorists, including the founding fathers themselves, altered the original classification of societies into the Asiatic, the ancient, the feudal and the capitalist modes of production, by eliminating the first category, and classifying oriental despotisms as 'feudal', which they certainly were not.

The major Communist countries, the U.S.S.R. and China, take on a new look. Can it be that these 'new industrial apparatus societies' are perpetuations of the oriental despotisms from which they spring? Can it be that Lenin's fear of an 'Asiatic restoration' has been realised? Professor Wittfogel demurs. 'The agrarian despotism of the old society, which, at most, was semi-managerial, combines total political power with limited social and intellectual control. The industrial despotism of the fully developed and totally managerial apparatus society combines total political power with total social and intellectual control'. What Professor Wittfogel wishes to say is that they are worse.

And what will happen to the other Asiatic despotisms? They are torn between their hatred of the West and their admiration of the technical efficiency of the Communist States on the one hand and their fear of bondage on the other. Their leaders may be well advised to note Professor Wittfogel's warning.

W. J. H. SPROTT



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By Brian Connell. Deutsch. 30s.

The Letters of Lady Palmerston

Edited by Sir Tresham Lever. Murray. 28s.

THE GREAT SPECTACLE of the Whig aristocracy, familiar to us from the pages of Thomas Creevey, Charles Greville and the journals and letters of graceful writers, seems to strike our imagination with some of the force and brilliance of a display of fireworks. While it is unlikely that any family papers will provide us with the sensations of astonishment and delight which greeted Greville when he first grumbled away in public eighty years ago, or Creevey when, half a century back, he drew the portrait of an age with gentle malice, there still remain some lesser delights. They may not burst with quite the startling display of the first discharges, but they still light up the scene and bring it before us with pleasing vividness.

Both of the books under notice make an agreeable addition to our picture of the days when England in social life, taste and politics was governed by an aristocracy. The statesman, Lord Palmerston, who was the third Lord, was perhaps a trifle late to be a full member of the Age of Privilege. His father, who died in 1802, in the prime of life, was more strictly a member. Few people, even among those regarding themselves as knowledgeable, could perhaps have written even a line about Palmerston's father. We are therefore in Mr. Brian Connell's debt for a painstaking, and successful study of him. He was a follower of Pitt rather than a true Whig and, taking his sons to the House of Commons, he wrote with pride: 'All I could do for the boys was to show them Mr. Pitt, and Harry [the great Lord Palmerston] had the pleasure of shaking hands with him'.

Although he was a member of both the English and Irish Houses of Commons the second Lord was not especially prominent in politics, nor did he allow them to interfere with his enjoyment of travel or social life. His principal political purpose seems to have been to try to weave his way into the English peerage. Both he and his son remained Irish peers and the object of the father's ambition was ironically offered to his son's widow after the family had become extinct in the male line. He was always in affluent circumstances, having an income of £7,000 a year and after 1789 of £12,000 a year. He was a man of taste and sense, and was responsible for beautifying Broadlands, the family home near Romsey. He spent £9,000 in travelling abroad with his family, and his friendship with Sir William Hamilton and Emma was an indication of his interest. He was in Paris at the time of the Revolution, and he records some pleasant trifles about the French Royal Family: he frequently dined with the future George IV and endured the experience of listening to the royal voice raised in song after dinner.

Mrs. Sheridan—and here and in other places Mr. Connell might have helped the general reader by identifying with a footnote names which are incidental to his story—calls him 'a good-natured, poetical, stuttering Viscount'. And if the stutter revealed a certain slowness of mind that is also clearly indicated by his letters. For Mr. Connell's difficulty has been to hide from the reader that; full of knowledge and curiosity as the Viscount was, he was a shade dull—a decidedly cautious correspondent. Perhaps he was a little afraid of letting himself go to his matter-of-fact wife who 'squeezed through the City gates into a Viscountess'. For his jottings about people and everyday occurrences which he wrote down in books for his own consumption are full of life and wit. Here the reader can learn of Mr. Palmer Robinson, setting out to fight a duel: he saw a hearse passing and called to the driver, 'Here you fellow with the hell-cart, if you'll stay a minute or two I'll give you a fare'. There is also humour in the story of the Thames bargee who, seeing the dark and hairy Charles Fox, standing in the meadow after bathing at Eton, called to his friend 'Damn my eyes, but I believe there's Nebuchadnezzar just come up from grass'.

And if Palmerston was lucky in his family background he was likewise lucky to marry a delightful, sympathetic and devotedly

loyal wife. The sister of Lord Melbourne, she married Palmerston in late middle life and sustained him in all the exhausting trials of political life. Sir Tresham Lever has put together some of her family letters with a useful, running commentary of his own. This book is naturally more political than Mr. Connell's biography, and it contains a number of valuable points, for they reflect informed opinion at the time. We see—at the time—the estimate changing about Canning in 1827, we read what George IV's retired life at the Royal Lodge was really like, we learn that Prince Albert was so good-looking that he and the Queen are becoming 'quite popular with the mob', and we are told of a very early plot, 1841, by Prince Albert and Leopold of the Belgians to unhorse Palmerston from the Foreign Office. Queen Victoria's visit to Brocket is well described, and how she walked on the arm of Melbourne, 'his grey hair floating in the wind', as he took her round the Park to show her to the multitude. In the harsh political climate of 1957 these innocent gaieties, which formed the background to public life, may seem very awry, but Lady Palmerston could say, not without justification, that conservative critics were annoyed to find 'how well the country has been governed and how everything has prospered at home and abroad'. Perhaps chat and leisure had their place in contributing to the success of that long-vanished system of government.

ROGER FULFORD

## Spirited Spinster

Mary Kingsley. By Cecil Howard. Hutchinson. 21s.

Mary Kingsley: a Victorian in the Jungle

By Olwen Campbell. Methuen. 21s.

WHEN A VICTORIAN LADY discarded her bustle and tight-lacing, jettisoned her smelling-salts and embarked upon adventure, she evinced a toughness the present generation might envy. What woman today would invade the African jungle in an ankle-length black skirt, a high-neck blouse, and with hardly more equipment than she would take for a fortnight's shooting in Scotland? But Mary Kingsley made no concessions to climate or environment. To her a hat which was unsuitable for Piccadilly was unwearable in a cannibal village. What is even more remarkable about this remarkable niece of Charles Kingsley's is that until her thirty-first year she was a family drudge, nursing a neurotic mother in the frequent and prolonged absences of an eccentric and wanderlusting father. In 1892 both parents died. In 1900 she herself died of enteric while nursing Boer prisoners. During those eight intervening years she made, ostensibly in the cause of ichthyology and anthropology ('fish and fetish' in her own flippant language), two extensive trips into regions of Africa where few white men and no white woman had ever penetrated; she became the friend and confidante of hard-living coastal traders; she won the esteem and admiration of the great shipowner, John Holt of Liverpool; she wrote two long yet widely read books, gave innumerable lectures and became something of a public figure. It was not however until 1932 that Stephen Gwynn, who knew her personally, published the first and not altogether satisfactory biography of her. Then twenty-five more years passed and within four weeks of each other two further biographies appear, each of much the same length and texture and each drawing on much the same sources, unpublished as well as published.

Confronted by such a double bill (unfortunate for everyone concerned) a reviewer is entitled to ask how in such circumstances simultaneity became possible? As both writers make acknowledgements to Mr. Holt for permission to consult and quote from his grandfather's correspondence, it is surely surprising that one of them did not hear that the other was working on the identical theme and so at least delay the publication of his or her book. It is however fortunate that one of the two biographies should have been written by a woman. Mrs. Campbell naturally enough places more emphasis upon the feminine side of Mary Kingsley and has a keener insight into her character. A chapter entitled 'The Mind Forest' (by far the best thing in her book) is evidence of this depth of comprehension. But if her *Life* will appeal



especially to women readers, Mr. Howard's more masculine style and idiom and his more objective approach will attract readers of his own sex. If Mrs. Campbell's *Mary Kingsley* is a better character study, Mr. Howard's is more critical and generally more profound, although lacking the other's illustrations, bibliography and annotations.

On essentials both authors are agreed. Mary Kingsley was a born rebel and her ideas on colonial development at the time of the Scramble for Africa were as provocative as they were original. She fiercely combated the prevalent notion, derived from returning missionaries, of the inherent wickedness and brutality of the black man, whom taken as a whole she regarded on the contrary as 'the gentlest kind of real human being that is made'. African institutions, she insisted, should be understood before being modified. The Colonial Office knew nothing and the Missions, who knew no more than was convenient, were, in her opinion, destroying something capable of good, given intelligent and realistic direction. Instead of turning out clerks and house-boys, they should concentrate on farmers and craftsmen. And the men to advise were the men on the spot—the European traders.

'A brain masculine in its strength and breadth of outlook . . . an unequalled sense of humour . . . quite the most amusing person I ever met'. Such was St. Leo Strachey's estimate of Mary Kingsley whom he came to know well during his editing of the *Spectator*. It is indeed this tremendous sense of fun that will endear her to readers of both biographies. For sheer wit and sparkle her descriptions of her adventures are unsurpassable. Unhappily where such treatment would be especially diverting there is only silence. Nothing in either book transpires of her private life, her *toilette* under difficulties, African sex and sanitation. The explanation is paradoxical and is not the fault of the authors. The maiden lady who could listen to the language of old coasters without a blush and face a cannibal, a gorilla, a crocodile or a Colonial Secretary without concern, was a prude by whom such things were unmentionable.

W. BARING PEMBERTON

## Sources of Fiction

### Craft and Character in Modern Fiction

By Morton Dauwen Zabel. Gollancz. 21s.

THE TITLE MISLEADS. One expects from it yet another discussion of the mechanism and the characters of fiction; but fortunately Dr. Zabel applies himself, in most of these essays and in the best, to a much more interesting theme—the relation of fiction to the characters of its various creators. So fascinating a study is this that it is tempting to overdo it, to underrate the two factors of creative invention and of the assimilation of literary sources, and to attribute everything written to the native character and the personal experiences of the writer.

Dr. Zabel, for all his balance and comprehension, occasionally falls into this excess, particularly in his longest and perhaps his most interesting essay, that on Dickens, whom he profoundly admires. But after all, Dickens was, first and foremost, a tremendously versatile and prolific inventor and creator; his imagination was seized by all that came its way in life or literature, all, that is, which was congenial to it and on which

it could feed. As E. M. Forster (quoted here) said of *Erewhon*, 'What he had to say was congenial, and I lapped it up. It was the food for which I was waiting'. Similarly Graham Greene on his reading *The Viper of Milan* at fourteen: 'It was as if I had been supplied once and for all with a subject'. Of course Dickens' writing was largely impelled and shaped by his own experiences and temperament; but is it not going too far to say

that Darnay and Carton represented the two selves of his divided personality? This is, surely, pure theorising, tempting one into vain similar quests elsewhere. Had Dickens a personality more divided than most people? He kept two households and wives; he had strong humanitarian and compassionate feelings, as well as a lower and more egotistic nature; but this has always been common form. Interesting as Dr. Zabel is on all this, one feels that Dr. Livingstone Lowe, for instance, might attach greater importance to the footnote which mentions the novel and the play on the theme of the sacrificial substitution of one man for another which it is known that Dickens had been reading. The two investigations, into character and reading, should be conducted side by side. Not that Dr. Zabel neglects literary sources. It is difficult to separate the taste which chooses a certain kind of story from the temperament which impels it; they play into one another's hands. Experience, too; and here come in several factors—the impulse to impose an art pattern on what one

has known, to use it as material, perhaps to purge it out of the system, and the element of building up, laying on it a patina.

Dr. Zabel pursues his character-analysis admirably with Conrad, a first-class survey. In writing of Henry James, he is more concerned with craft than character; in tracing the clues he does not go so far as Graham Greene in *The Lost Childhood*, who derived the many betrayals in James' novels from early guilt feelings; of this, one must say that it is possible, certainly interesting, and equally certainly not proven. On Graham Greene himself Dr. Zabel is good; here he relates the novels not to character but to the religious faith to which their author is committed, which loads the dice of argument and action, and in a sense 'frames' the actors. He distinguishes the convert to a faith from those bred in it; for the former his faith becomes a 'vested interest', 'and his imagination is seldom left unmaimed, however much it may also have been stimulated'. Fiction thus committed 'no longer argues the problems and complexities of character in terms of psychological and moral forces; it states, decides and solves them in terms of pre-established and dictated premises. Grace is always held in reserve as a principle of salvation'. The intrusions of grace notwithstanding, 'his skill already puts him in the descent of the modern masters—James, Conrad, Joyce—in whom judgement and imagination achieved their richest combination'.

The essay on E. M. Forster, excellent in its commentary on the style, angle and point of view of our greatest living English novelist, suffers a little from having been written for the Buenos Aires Spanish, which entailed summaries of the plots. When Dr. Zabel turns to critical comment, he is as good as can be wished. But surely 'to see life steadily and see it whole' is not what Mr. Forster advocates; on the contrary, he says, I think, that this is impossible, you cannot do both. Hardy, Hemingway, Lionel Trilling, Ford—each of these essays is packed with careful and acute analysis. Only one is written in a mood of angry contempt; it seems out of place in this gallery, and from a critic not only perspicacious but humane.

ROSE MACAULAY



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## Blood Lust in Kenya

Kenya Diary, 1902-1906

By Colonel R. Meinertzhagen, C.B.E., D.S.O.  
Oliver and Boyd. 30s.

COLONEL MEINERTZHAGEN joined the Army during the reign of Queen Victoria, and is now approaching the age of eighty. After the first world war he was a political and military specialist in Middle Eastern affairs. An eminent ornithologist, he is the author of *Birds of Arabia*. Last year he revisited Kenya and found that it 'now oozes respectability'. Be that as it may, Kenya is certainly not what it was when Colonel Meinertzhagen was a young man. In 1902, when a lieutenant of twenty-four with his regiment in Burma, he volunteered for service in East Africa, and fortunately kept a diary. He says it shows 'the type of life young subalterns led fifty years ago' in that part of the world. In fact it shows much more than that: it gives much detail about the preliminaries of white settlement in Kenya and affords a self-portrait of an unusual kind.

As a document of the process now known as 'colonialism' it can give much aid to those who regard that process as predominantly evil and make propaganda accordingly. Of this its author is perhaps to some extent aware, because he tries to answer two main criticisms which he anticipates—the excessive taking of human life, and the slaughter of game. He attempts to justify the first of these on military and personal grounds. To inflict heavy casualties on an enemy, he explains, will shorten a conflict, teach a lesson, and help to prolong peace. Besides, he says, 'I have no belief in the sanctity of human life or in the dignity of the human race'. Besides, war is only the hunting of men, and that is only a form of hunting wild animals, and the fighting and hunting instincts and appetites require an outlet. Besides, 'I was obsessed by an unashamed blood lust', and that needed an outlet too. Besides, most of the vast quantities of game slaughtered were required as food for the diarist and the Africans he commanded.

Although Colonel Meinertzhagen appears to have feelings almost akin to guilt and certainly has some power of self-examination, it should not be thought that his comments on his own behaviour, whether made then or now, have a repentant flavour. Not at all. That is one of the things that make him so interesting. If, as a soldier, he had been nothing more than brutally repressive and vindictive, and if nothing but blood lust had sent him after game, he would probably not have kept a diary at all. When he wrote, 'I ran into a red lynx, which I shot. He is a beautiful creature', he was moved by something more than an itch to destroy, even if it was only a scientific pleasure. 'I strongly resent any form of cruelty to any animal', he writes. He disapproves of zoos; he delivered a tormented monkey from the cruelty of a shipload of Germans with whom he was a passenger; he took his pet dog and cat to bed with him. And the man who was capable of ordering and helping to carry out a massacre of Africans was capable of tearing up his own shirt to bandage the wounds of other Africans. It seems that these are not inconsistencies. How, then, are they to be regarded?

It would not, perhaps, be invidious to suggest that something more than sympathy, something approaching affinity, actuated Lieutenant Meinertzhagen in his dealings with primitive Africa. Forthright, courageous, independent, energetic, resourceful, he was eminently soldierly. He had great responsibilities in policing a large area, and ran great dangers in surveying it and attempting to keep its population in order. But he had great power, health, strength, authority, firearms, and official (if distant and fallible) support; with Africans to do his bidding in a vast, fantastic landscape overrun with magnificent game in great variety, under a tropical sun, he was exultant. The power and the inclination to kill may not have been weakened by hidden resentments that had also to find an outlet—a feeling of bitterness, for example, because he was regarded by his family as a black sheep, or thought he was. 'It is hard to resist the savagery of Africa when one falls under its spell', he says, and speaks, astonishingly, in the same breath of 'one's veneer of Western civilisation'. To suggest that Lieutenant

Meinertzhagen was a primitive nature is not to seek to disparage but to understand him.

A nephew of Beatrice Webb, he was far from sharing her political views, but showed remarkable political foresight. It was a striking thing for a British subaltern in Kenya in 1902 to hold and not to conceal his belief that the country 'belonged to the Africans, and their interests must prevail', and that white settlement at the expense of the Kikuyu, who owned the best land, would lead to much trouble: he actually foretold a 'general rising'. As a man of action, a soldier, and a Victorian empire-builder, Lieutenant Meinertzhagen does not seem, however, to have been much deterred by any doubts as to the wisdom of behaving as if right and reason were on his side. The conditions in which he lived in Kenya and his behaviour make him seem what he is, a survivor from an age that is quite vanished. Empires are not built by the kid-gloved, and there is much in his account of the pursuit and slaughter of man and beast that some of his readers will find distasteful. Anybody at all interested in the evolution of Kenya or the workings of 'colonialism' would do well to read this diary, which abounds in lively anecdotes about men and animals and birds. It is also full of useful reminders that whatever white men have done to Africans, Africans have been horribly and habitually cruel to one another. It looks as though without a belief in the sanctity of human life and at least the potential dignity of the human race, there is little hope of that race surviving. It is because he rejects this belief that Colonel Meinertzhagen fails in the end to win today the confidence his remarkable qualities and abilities so often aroused half a century ago, before Africa awoke.

WILLIAM PLOMER

## 'Thus Spoke the Lady'

Collected Poems. By Edith Sitwell. Macmillan. 25s.

AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY Dame Edith Sitwell presents her collected poems. They are a formidable and magisterial offering, a landmark, undoubtedly, in contemporary poetry. They are also, as a collection, remarkably homogeneous: the poet who wrote, thirty years ago, 'the light is braying like an ass', 'the fire is furry as a bear', 'Emily coloured primulas', etc., now writes of 'satyr-hairy leaves' and the 'almond-furred ass'. She explains her experimental images in a lengthy preface to this book, a preface full of technical interest, but written in a rather disconcertingly over-serious manner. This is not to say that poetry is not serious, but that it might be looked at from more than one unblinking point of view. At times, one becomes lost in a wonderland of correspondences where sounds and sights, words and colours, pet-names and Frazerian scraps seem to come round and round kaleidoscopically. This preface will always be an important text for students, but it is a measure of Dame Edith's own success along her chosen line that a newcomer to these poems may safely be recommended to go straight to the poems themselves, most of which carry themselves and the reader along with delightful ease into a world different from any other poet's.

One might begin with 'Façade', which remains very much more than a libretto without music. Even if, as one reads, one hears in one's mind Walton's brilliant accompaniment and, perhaps, the voices, from that unforgettable recording, of the authoress and the late Constant Lambert chanting with charming and hieratic mock-gravity—nevertheless it is the words that did it, and still do it: these, the wit, and the rhythms are all faultless. And through the whole of 'Façade' we see the author's character: a kind of wonderful aunt, who knows all the world's resorts and can occasionally jolt one back behind the Edwardian and Victorian 'façades' to a robuster age:

And Robinson Crusoe  
Rues so  
The bright and foxy beer—  
But he finds fresh isles in a negress' smiles—  
The poxy doxy dear

Always trembling on the razor's edge of nonsense, these poems remain Dame Edith's most dazzling achievement.



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For later in the book there is a change. The skill remains, but something has happened. Perhaps a clue may be found in the famous and wholly 'straight' autobiographical poem 'Colonel Fantock' where there occurs the line

I always was a little outside life.

Dame Edith's early poems are pictures in a mirror, voices in a dream; immediately recognisable yet far from our life, anti-podean: they are fantastic and innocent artifacts. Later, as she reveals in the preface, she became interested in some kind of religious approach, through the poetic art, to the terrible problems raised by recent history. The poem 'Gold Coast Customs' marks the turning-point between the old world 'before the bombardment' (to use a phrase of her elder brother's) and the new world of bloodshed and destruction. This poem begins characteristically and brilliantly

One fantee wave  
Is grave and tall  
As brave Ashantee's  
Thick mud wall.

Munza rattles his bones in the dust  
Lurking in murk because he must.

But by the end of the poem we are in a more personal apocalyptic world: Dame Edith wishes to offer a vision of horror, and does so, magnificently. This powerful poem made any more 'Façades' impossible. Yet as she drove further into her new vision, she sometimes became—or so it seems—more rhetorical, more diffuse, more old-fashioned:

But high upon the wall  
The rose where the Wounds of Christ are red  
Cries to the light  
'See how I rise upon my stem, ineffable bright  
Effluence of bright essence . . .'

In her later poems, Dame Edith has something of importance to say. She may yet, in the years that remain to her, find a very great way of saying it. It is something to look forward to, such as we have not had in poetry since Yeats died.

K. W. GRANSDEN

## Radiation and Our Future

Fall Out. Edited by A. Pirie. Foreword by

Bertrand Russell. MacGibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.

THIS BOOK HAS BEEN COMPILED by a group of scientists under the general editorship of Dr. Antoinette Pirie, on the physical, biological, and medical aspects of the radiation hazards from nuclear explosions. The task of summarising and explaining the subject is difficult because so many of its aspects are new and not yet well defined. All nuclear explosions produce some radioactive radiation, so a sufficient number of 'clean' explosions will produce as much radiation as a small number of 'dirty' ones. The radiation hazard cannot be evaded. As these explosions were started only a few years ago, there has not yet been sufficient time for many of their effects to become observable. The radiations are, however, similar to cosmic rays, X-rays, and radium rays. The human race has evolved from the lower forms of life to its present level in a bath of faint cosmic rays from outer space. As it is known that ordinary X-rays produce changes in the hereditary constitution of living beings, it seems certain that cosmic rays must have produced many changes in the hereditary constitution of the human race. Whether man has achieved his present heights because of, or in spite of, cosmic rays is not yet known.

If nuclear explosions continue at their present rate, the background of radiation on the earth will be raised to double the natural cosmic-ray strength within a small number of years. How will the human organism react to this situation? If it is affected more and more in the way that it is affected by X-rays and radium, the outlook is extremely grave. Since these agents were discovered more than fifty years ago, knowledge of their dangerousness has steadily increased. The United States Advisory Committee on the cumulative amount of radiation to which workers could be safely exposed has gradually reduced the permissible level by a factor of 15 since 1931.

Over-exposure of animals to X-rays and radium causes them

to have cancers and their descendants to give birth to monstrosities. What is over-exposure? In a research at present in progress the histories of 547 children who have died of cancer have been compared with those of 547 live children. It has been found that the mothers of 85 of the dead children had a routine pre-natal X-ray examination, whereas only 45 mothers of the live children had one. If an X-ray examination for the purpose of assisting child-birth should indeed be responsible for such a result, what are we to expect from the wholesale flooding of the earth with new radiations?

The nuclear explosions are producing new kinds of radioactive material, such as Strontium 90, which did not exist on the earth in detectable quantity before the exploitation of nuclear fission. A tenuous spray of this substance, which resembles radium and can have exceptionally unpleasant effects on living organisms, has been drifting down from the upper atmosphere on to the face of all the earth. Every human being now has some of it in him or her. Animals, such as sheep, which eat the vegetation spread over a wide area, accumulate Strontium 90 scattered on the grass, and when human beings eat lamb they get an extra dose of Strontium 90. It has been found that sheep in the Welsh mountains contain much more than those on the English lowlands. It is thought that this is due to the heavy rain bringing down extra large quantities of radioactive fall-out. Similar effects occur with cows' milk. These are particularly serious because milk is a prime food for babies and children, who may thereby be exposed to exceptionally concentrated doses of radioactivity. A muskrat caught in a marsh near the Oak Ridge Atomic Energy Station in America was found to have a large swelling. This proved to be a cancer caused by Strontium 90 which the rat had collected by eating weeds contaminated by radioactivity.

The peaceful use of atomic energy, as well as the use of X-rays in medical practice, raises very serious problems in addition to those caused by nuclear explosions. The safe disposal of radioactive wastes is of vital importance, and it may well be that the first major useful result of space-exploration and the development of guided missiles will be the shooting of radioactive wastes off the earth altogether.

The scientific information in this book is sufficient to convince a person of judgement that nuclear explosions should cease at the earliest possible moment, and that the results of even the peaceful uses of atomic energy and X-rays will require the most stringent control, if life on earth is not to be destroyed comparatively soon.

J. G. CROWTHER

## Beethoven's Family Life

Beethoven and His Nephew. A Study in Human Relations.

By Edith and Richard Sterba. Dobson. 30s.

IN NOVEMBER 1815 Beethoven's beloved brother Karl died, leaving him co-guardian of his child, Karl the younger. The father had intended, or been persuaded by his devoted brother, to leave him sole guardian. But some instinct made him add a last-minute codicil to his will appointing his wife Johanna co-guardian with Beethoven. By that he altered the course of a number of lives. There was enough dynamite lying about already. This threw a spark into the arsenal. The resultant explosion is the first subject of this book. It is a book that will cause distress to many, for it is not pleasant reading.

The authors are described as being Freudian psycho-analysts. Also they are musicians though it is not Beethoven's music that interests them primarily; that is, so to speak, their second subject and it hardly enters into the development of their thesis. Neither is it the man behind the music that interests them as such, but simply this particular man as a human being faced with a problem he was incapable of solving. By keeping the man separate from his music they are able to concentrate attention on the purely human aspect and it is this concentration that gives their book both its value as a document and its vividness in the recounting of a tragedy. The facts of Beethoven's dealings with his nephew have been known for a long time, known, that is, to musicologists and purposely ignored by romantically minded biographers. To



have those facts now focused in clear and balanced perspective is a considerable gain in our understanding of the matter. The book is undoubtedly compulsory reading.

Beethoven's crippling inability to understand his sexual constitution made life a torment for him and for whoever came into emotional contact with him, whether the object of his affection was a charming young woman or a handsome young man. Womankind he placed in two categories, as far as sex went: they were either goddesses or trollops. His numerous affairs with them ended negatively, for he would never give way for fear of being dominated. The authors trace the trouble back to his early years with his mother. She was an unhappy woman, disillusioned with her marriage, neglectful of her children, liable to outbursts of temper. Beethoven could find no solid ground in that relationship and lost his way, wanting to love her but instinctively mistrusting her. When she died and he took charge of the younger children, his father being an incurable drunkard, he expended his thwarted emotions on them, educating them, setting them up with him in Vienna, being angered when they married, mistrusting and even actively antagonising their wives who had come between him and them. So the stage was set for the final scene with Karl the nephew. The boy was nine, Beethoven thirty-five. At last Beethoven had a son, as he considered, of his own. It only remained to get rid of Johanna, the mother, whom Beethoven called the Queen of Night and whom the boy loved, and all would be well. Thus began the dismal series of court cases, the fungus-growth of Beethoven's pitiable jealousy, the harrying of the poor child and the final catastrophe, the attempted suicide of Karl.

It is a sickening tale. At the end one is left unexpectedly void of any feeling of detestation towards the elder man. One is filled instead with pity for them both. The nephew, one is thankful to find, is completely rehabilitated. Biographers eager to exalt the great genius have been quick to denigrate Karl. To take two English examples, Grove speaks of 'the ne'er-do-well nephew, intensely selfish and ready to make game of his uncle or make love to his aunt' while to Marion Scott, Karl is an 'unregenerate, deceitful little boy . . . a most accomplished young rake'—that of the young man who tended Beethoven in his last illness with the assiduity of a nurse and the affection of a son.

SCOTT GODDARD

## Ellen Terry's Son

**Index to the Story of My Days.** By E. Gordon Craig.  
Hulton Press. 35s.

THE FIRST VOLUME of Mr. Craig's autobiography takes us from his birth in 1872 to his early middle-age in 1907; by then he had transferred most of his work from England to Europe and from stage practice to stage-design and stage-theory. There are two phases of his book, narrative and reflective. The former vividly brings to view a childhood lit with the radiance of his mother, Ellen Terry, and an adolescence no less illumined by the limelight of Henry Irving.

'The action of a play takes place dispersedly'. This is an announcement to be found on Shakespearean programmes. These words well describe the education of Gordon Craig: after absorbing William Blake and Walter Crane in the nursery, he moved from school to school, including a year or so at Bradfield; he seems to have learned what he liked, rather than what his teachers intended. Certainly this brilliant and wayward boy's butterfly dance over the curriculum left strange gaps which later life did not fill. Mr. Craig has not yet, it seems, read all Shakespeare's

plays, and when he went to see Swinburne at The Pines in 1903 he had never read a word by that poet.

But, vagrant amid the lesson-books, he used his eyes, his ears, and his fingers. He emerged early as an actor, blessed with good looks and the most illustrious of tutors, playing small parts at the great Lyceum and large ones on tour. He soon could direct plays and operas, being an active devotee of Purcell. He could compose music, draw, and turn to journalism and editing of his own magazine. His attitude to money had something of Mr. Skimpole's airy confidence. If the bailiffs called, they were characters to be observed with relish, not bogeys to be feared. His life in London at the turn of the century was rich in changes, changes of affection as well as of taste, of occupations as well as of addresses.

One cannot picture Gordon Craig pinned down. He has been a great meanderer, difficult to handle, an evasive enchanter. He writes with the utmost frankness of his faults, considering himself to be one of the Impossibles, of which tribe, however, he regards Hamlet as the chief. He sees himself as a pagan egotist and, though he may hold that the world owes him a living, he would never suggest that it be a fat living. His hedonism is of 'the moon and sixpence' kind. Failures were merely an encouragement to making another move.

For the general reader with a limited interest in theatrical politics, there is lively writing of Norfolk holidays as well as of the house in Barkston Gardens where Ellen Terry went out to be queen of the Lyceum and came home to rest and potter. Irving looms, benign as well as magnificent, over the early stages of Gordon Craig's career: the fellow-adventurers in

happy but unrewarding causes include the unquenchable Martin Shaw at the piano and the Beggarstaff Brothers in the studio. (Their idea of a theatrical poster did not coincide with that of a theatrical manager 'on the road'.) The book is richly illustrated with the work of Pryde and Nicholson, and of Craig himself. Here are the 'odd men out' of solid, complacent, Edwardian London.

To the social realists of that period Craig, a Romantic, was unsympathetic. He says of Shaw that he 'flattened' the English theatre, which is flat nonsense, and he could not get on terms with or decry any genius in Granville-Barker. But Shaw had tried to flatten Irving, which was unforgivable, and Barker became a Fabian as well as a Shavian. One cannot imagine Craig being happy at one of the Sidney Webbs' Sunday Suppers where the promising young were invited to discuss Socialism and cold mutton.

At the end of this fresh, engaging volume, with its mixture of daily jottings and whimsical philosophy, Gordon Craig is out of England, decorating a stage for Duse in 'Rosmersholm' or devising, for any who wanted them, soaring columnar settings in which the stage reaches at heaven while the actor seems a midget upon earth, not a status likely to be popular with actors. The butterfly passage from art to art was not going to end with its beauty pinned lifeless on a board in England. One awaits, with pleasure, the foreign flights to come.

IVOR BROWN

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THE TRANSFER OF POWER in India in its manner and scope was an event without parallel in history. In this important book of 442 pages Mr. Menon describes the eight years of negotiation leading up to it. As an official associated with India's constitutional development for forty years and for the last five the



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Governor-General's Constitutional Adviser, he is well qualified to write it, not only by his experience but also by his ability for marshalling facts as shown in his previous book—*The Story of the Integration of the Indian States*. He has, too, the reputation of being a man of integrity.

In his preface he states that he has tried 'to adhere to a factual narration' and as far as possible to avoid 'the expression of personal opinions'. In this aim he has certainly succeeded, and on the whole he has carried out his task with remarkable impartiality. The result is a book of obvious value to the contemporary student of politics, and much of it will be of unusual interest to anyone concerned with the events described. It has many of the qualities of a State paper, but also some of its drawbacks. The twists and turns of the interminable negotiations make it difficult, even for a reader familiar with the outlines of the story, not sometimes to feel lost in the maze of plan and counter-plan. Moreover, facts divorced from personalities are not easy to digest in bulk, and in this case personalities are so important that the facts cannot be fully understood without them.

The chief actors in the drama were no more than six—on one side three Viceroys, on the other three remarkable Indians (I use India and Indian throughout in the pre-partition sense), Gandhi, Nehru, and Jinnah, each profoundly different in character from the other. They figure prominently in these pages, but more as exponents of public or party policy than as men of flesh and blood. It is no criticism of the author to say this, since his aim was facts rather than persons, but at times it produces a certain dryness in the narrative, as of an oatcake without butter, redeemed however in part by the ease and clarity of the style.

The drama described is so overshadowed by war that it is almost as if Fate were the producer. The first of its four acts covers the last four years of Lord Linlithgow's viceroyalty and is dominated by deadlock with the Cripps Mission as its highlight. In his assessment of Lord Linlithgow's regime Mr. Menon hardly does justice to 'the burden of Atlas' (to quote one who worked under him) which the Viceroy bore on his shoulders during those early years of the war when the world around him crashed and India was almost isolated. The second act is dominated by Lord Wavell's persistent attempts with almost superhuman patience to break the deadlock; the third, by the Cabinet Mission and their shock attack on the impasse; the fourth, by the British Government's decision to withdraw from India not later than June 1948 and by Lord Mountbatten's spectacular cutting of the Gordian knot with the offer of partition and immediate independence. In the first act the reader may occasionally find himself stifling a yawn, and in the second becoming less patient than Lord Wavell; but in the third, the action quickens and the scene throbs with expectation, only to culminate in panic and anger and in the opening of what has aptly been called the war of Communal Succession. In the fourth, the reader is left breathless by the speed of events, with the protagonists swept off their feet by Lord Mountbatten's dash, decision, and charm. Principles to which they had clung uncompromisingly for years are suddenly abandoned, and even the inflexible Jinnah accepts a Pakistan which he had once declared would be only a husk.

It was a momentous personal achievement for Lord Mountbatten. But, to quote Mr. Menon, 'disillusionment came as a startling blow almost immediately after partition'; and no wonder, for it was accompanied by the massacre of no one knows how many hundred thousand, followed by an uprooting of populations which still continues and has already involved over 15,000,000. Was everything done by the Central Government to prevent this appalling tragedy? is the inevitable question. Mr. Menon admits that by March 1947 the country was in 'a dangerous state of communal frenzy' and that, after some improvement due to the offer of independence in August, 'the situation once more began to deteriorate dangerously'. Yet with what is almost a non-sequitur he adds, 'We had anticipated that there might be communal trouble in the border districts directly affected by the partition, but we felt that the Boundary Force . . . an enormous and carefully picked body, would be able to cope with the situation'. Nothing is said about the non-border districts, some of which were in a highly inflammable state. As to the Boundary Force, he says it consisted of 50,000 officers and men and was 'possibly the

greatest military force ever assembled for the express purpose of maintaining civil peace'. It is difficult to square this with the appalling results. A possible explanation, given me on high authority, is that the effective strength of the Force—that is to say, the number of officers and men available for use in the field, with the necessary transport—was far lower than Mr. Menon's figure, and that the disturbed area, covering as it did the whole of the central Punjab and even part of the south, was far larger than the area actually adjacent to the boundary line. The line in itself extended well over 200 miles. One thing, at least, is clear: the Force failed of its purpose.

That being so, it may at least be suggested that had some intermediate date between June 1948 and August 1947 been fixed for our withdrawal our rule in North West India might have come to a less tragic end. However this may be, Mr. Menon's valuable book makes one regret more than ever that power was not transferred before war clamped down an iron curtain between India's aspirations and our necessities. Had this been done, India's unity would surely have been preserved.

MALCOLM DARLING

## The Fisherman's World

Living Silver. By Burns Singer.

Secker and Warburg. 25s.

NO ONE CAN HAVE any conception of the world of the fisherman unless he has been to sea in trawlers and drifters. It is a hard rough life, and fishermen have to be tough to live. Conditions in the latest splendid ships now being added to the trawling fleet may be very different from those in the average trawler of the last half century, but many obsolete ships are still afloat and working—floating slums of rust, as the author of this book truly calls them. Work is hard and hours are irregular; every four hours more or less the trawl is hauled and emptied, holes in the net are repaired and the gear is shot again, and then tons of fish have to be gutted and packed away in ice. The food is rough, although plentiful, and quarters are full of darkness, dirt, and discomfort.

The ship is never still for a moment; trawlers are generally good sea-boats, and a good sea-boat is 'lively'—a sluggish ship that wallows like a half tide rock is no platform for working heavy fishing gear. The fisherman is out in all weathers and at all seasons. The best fishing grounds have the worst weather, for the further north the fisherman goes the better are his catches. The quiet swell under the midnight sun as the gear tows steadily through the night can make a very beautiful setting for a pipe and a yarn in the wheelhouse. But the darkness of a winter's day, with the ship rolling scuppers under in a blizzard is very different.

No fisherman ever has a good word to say for the sea or for fishing, yet most fishermen stick to their trade. Is it the boredom of life ashore? The author suggests that what drives fishermen to sea is the fact that life at home never stops. Or is it the hunter's instinct? Whatever the reason the fisherman denounces his calling, and everything connected with it, in forceful terms; and the cursing increases in ferocity from west to east. Consequently when anything really serious happened—the warps parted and the ship lost several hundred pounds' worth of gear, or she shipped a sea that washed out the fish-pounds—all the swear words were long ago used up in ordinary talk, and tough fishermen were reduced to speechlessness or mild 'tut tuts' and 'dear me's'.

Burns Singer knows fish, fishing boats, fishermen, and the fishing industry, and has given a first-rate account of them all in this book. He tells his story as the adventures of a Polish refugee who at the end of the war is trained to be a trawlerman in order to earn his living in his adopted country. Round this central theme the author has drawn an accurate picture of life at sea in fishing craft. The book is full of interesting and reliable information skilfully and lightly presented so that the layman can appreciate and enjoy the often highly technical matters put before him.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Public and Private Faces

Private faces in public places  
Are wiser and nicer  
Than public faces in private places.

WHO SAID IT? To whom? When? I will not keep you in suspense a moment more. It was Mr. W. H. Auden in his non-professorial days—as long ago as 1932, actually—to Mr. Stephen



Governor Faubus of Arkansas being interviewed in 'Panorama' on September 23

Spender. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive. But—as Alan Melville would say, or rather would have said, before the series closed down last week—is it true? The question is one that every viewer must seriously ponder. None of us screen-hogs is nearly so clear about the distinction between public and private life as we were in those distant days when Messrs. Auden and Spender were angry young men.

The nameless private faces that the roving 'Tonight' interviewers pick-up for impromptu opinion—dustmen deprived of 'totting' rights, stall-owners whose market site has been shifted, speakers on Tower Hill whose pitch is threatened by parked coaches, do seem not only wiser and nicer but often a good deal brighter than the V.I.P.s pictured among the cushions, liqueur bottles, and first editions. We are beginning to catch rather more of some celebrities in their homes than at their work. As Henry James told of the heroine of *The Tragic Muse*, 'there were hours too in which she wore her world's face before the audience, just as there were hours when she wore her stage face in the world'. Only nowadays Miriam Rooth (a push-over on any panel) would wear make-up for both lots of hours. I wonder whether the blowing of tops by eminent names is not an experience the pleasure of which those in charge of what we view tend to overrate. Certainly I shall not be sorry to bid farewell to 'Who Said That?', a game where remarks by the dead were ripped out of context before being torn to pieces by the living.

Two public faces which appeared during the week, both by courtesy of American television, were those of Orval Faubus and Archbishop Makarios. Reading between the lines on the Governor of Arkansas' brow, he did not appear to have much of a case. The interview was conducted in the accusatory court-room manner that is quite foreign to our own screens, frightening to watch, fascinating in its sense of the man of the moment trying to justify himself before the nation. The Archbishop did not lack either dignity or subtlety and his command of English was slow but impressive. He was questioned in 'Meet the Press', again a rather more formal and stylish affair than our own 'Press Conference' which it replaced, with a chairman in dinner jacket and four newsmen asking prepared questions strictly in turn. The issues emerged in no time at all, clearly and formidably for all their complexity, and so did the Archbishop's intransigence, behind his slowly delivered utterances, the curving gesture of the long hands, the smile that was never broken down.

The reassuring public face of Mr. Richard Dimbleby returned to us in all its stern avuncular glory last week to herald the autumn re-opening of 'Panorama'—a well-balanced number which succeeded in covering many topical items fairly and squarely. The electors of Gloucester had their say, confirming the impression that no one ever knows why they vote the way they do, and this was followed by Mr. Grimond, Mr. Crossman, and Lord Hailsham one after the other confirming the impression that none of them knew quite what to make of the result.

School-teachers in the Midlands seemed equally baffled when asked what they thought the results of school television (which started last week) were likely to be, and it is of course too early yet to say; some child viewers were also cross-examined in the playground but somehow

they did not succeed in confirming or making any impression at all. And if, in an abundant week, we had to twiddle the knob a bit to another channel for an interview with intelligent Miss Jayne Mansfield ('I prefer the word "femininity"'), at least 'Panorama' provided a counter-attraction in a tall, impassive chef from the Corner House who cracked a hundred lion-marked eggs with one hand; only two of them apparently were slightly off.

But, let us face it—if you will forgive me—faces of whatever kind are by no means the be-all and end-all of documentary television. Some of the best viewing I've ever known came in the week's sport. Though just beaten in the final, wiry little Pancho Segura with his superbly placed lobs and deadly double-fisted forehand stole the professional tennis show at Wembley, where the artificial light does not make for quite such a sharp picture as one gets from Wimbledon, but where the tennis is high-powered enough to hold the attention in its own right. England v. Poland at the White City produced some spectacular pictures in pole-jumping and relay-racing, and suggested to me that there is probably less optical distortion in the televising of athletics than almost any other sport. Horse-racing from Ascot and motor-racing from Goodwood were compensation for the stay at homes on Saturday afternoon. Raymond Baxter is a knowledgeable, fluent commentator of the newer sport, but he needs to watch his ad-libbing.

Nothing any more need be remote. Sumerian civilisation, and the ice-continent of the Antarctic seemed, in two valuable films, as vividly accessible as Stirling Moss or Lester Piggott. 'Rivers of Time', shown originally in colour at Edinburgh, traced the great civilisations of the Tigris and the Euphrates and had a too brief, approving post-mortem by Dr. Glyn Daniel and Professor Max Mallowan in 'Buried Treasure'; while 'The White Continent' showed the difficulties of the three nations expedition setting up house on the iceshelf: tiny muffled faces and white empty spaces.

ANTHONY CURTIS

[Mr. Martin Armstrong is on holiday]

### DRAMA

#### Reviving Hopes

IT HAS NOT been a week to delight the forward-looking viewer—the man with the X-ray eyes for ever piercing the screen to see what will happen tomorrow. Instead, we have had Barrie, Edgar Wallace, Wilde, Stevenson: names from the thickets of prehistory. Some people, maybe, were having a baptism of Barrie during 'The Twelve Pound Look' and wondering what sort of theatre it was that could use a 'curtain-raiser': an offensive term for something rare on today's professional stage, though amateurs are always ready for the half-hours in miniature.

In this form Barrie triumphs. His little play is set in a frame of impish comments (for the reader, not the viewer), one of which



The walls of Babylon, seen in the 'Buried Treasure' programme—'Rivers of Time'—on September 25





'Salome' on September 26, with Norman Foster as John the Baptist and Helga Pilarczyk in the title-role

flashes a warning to the pompous: 'It is that day in your career when everything went wrong just when everything seemed to be superlatively right'. I am sure that Kate, who so humiliates her hollow shell of an ex-husband, had corresponded with an older woman, the former Mrs. Torvald Helmer, from Christiania. And the end of the play, the new Lady Sims' inquiry about the price of 'those machines' and of freedom, seems to signal another coming doorslam.

'The Twelve Pound Look' dates from 1910, not long before the final tidal wave of feminism. Kate is already riding high, while 'Sir Harry' splutters and pants in the surge. According to the dramatist, he survives. 'We may be sure that he will soon be bland again'. Having watched Walter Fitzgerald, I don't believe it. It was a pleasure to see Wendy Hiller's shining ease as the rebel—for Sir Harry another 'Kate the curst'—dealt justly with the puffing grandee. Craftily, Barrie has unveiled fourteen years in a piece that is a small miracle of retrospective narration.

Miss Hiller's Kate, poised and mocking; Mr. Fitzgerald, a beaten man; and Jean Kent's Lady Sims, captive yet to be freed, acted the play to admiration. Television could show the minds ticking; no need here for those stage directions.

There was more than a twelve-pound look about the Richard Strauss-Oscar Wilde opera, 'Salome'. Rudolph Cartier let it have all it deserved, and more. The play is torridly decadent; much of its text reminds me of the cheap coloured glass once familiar in door-panels. The music, uncompromisingly in the mood, impresses by its sheer resolution; but the opera is hardly an addition to the sitting-room, though it was done last week with vigour and invention. The Tetrarch's courtyard was imaginatively realised; viewers looked up at Salome (Helga Pilarczyk) as she peered down through Jokanaan's grating; the Seven Veils whirled; the head was produced. The cast—with a bilingual Herod at short notice—sang strongly. Even so, I may remember first the voice of William Devlin in the final Biblical phrase, 'And when the disciples of John the Baptist heard of it, they came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb'.

When I suggested last week that Lime Grove might look back at the theatre since 1900, I had not bargained for the tepid make-believe of 'The

Calendar'. This, done wisely in the costumes of 1929, is minor and mildewed Wallace. The racing lingo in the first half is tedious; so are the people who toss about their 'thousands'. Luckily on Sunday, the examination of the Stewards of the Jockey Club—always a good scene—came to restore our hopes, and the complicated contrivance of the last act was tolerable enough, thanks to Tony Britton's gentle command. I cheered such players as William Fox (prince of bookmakers), Sam Kydd, and Ernest Hare.

Though we had not met Janet Allen's 'Kind Cousin' before, the brand of play was familiar: uncomfortably so. It is always grim to see the helpless in torment. Here, while Fay Compton was gradually fading in the lonely, wind-lashed manor, with Mary Kerridge thrusting her towards the end, I felt my 'Silver Mask' horrors coming on. What we needed was the



Scene from 'The Calendar' on September 29, with (left to right) Tony Britton as Garry Anson, Keith Williams as his jockey Andy, Patrick Waddington as Lord Innspond, Ernest Hare as Sir George Garth, and Oliver Johnston as Lord Forlingham

reassuring arrival of Patrick Hamilton's Rough: he would have had the business straight in no time. Still, cast and atmospherics (producer: Dafydd Gruffydd) were uncannily right: we sorrowed for Miss Compton and loathed Miss Kerridge, who had dwelt in 'square brick houses', who wanted gracious living, and who observed sweetly, 'I'm perfectly capable of taking care of you'. She was.

Television, we gather from a first instalment, is capable of taking care of 'Treasure Island' (Yo-ho-ho!), even if the tapping of Blind Pew's stick—among the most frightening sounds in fiction—might have been deadlier. Long John arrives next time. One phrase from Pew remains with me: 'Scatter, and search for 'em'. I repeat that to Lime Grove in its quest for revivals. There are plenty of plays to be found: 'The Calendar' was a forgivable mistake.

J. C. TREWIN

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Human Targets

TO SAVE MY FINICAL FACE, I did not fail to notice that Redmond Macdonogh's writing has no particular distinction, that his characterisation is commonplace and his scene sequence unremarkable. But to be honest I must also admit that at the end of his 'Nevada Pastoral', in the Home Service on Monday night last week, I was a subjective battlefield of tears and cheers. What it comes to is that there is no civil defence against the Irish imagination when it is really roused.

Recollected in relative tranquillity, the experience reveals three main reasons for being so irresistible. First, it really was a radio play, that scarce species often talked about and seldom heard. Its plot, which sets a peasant family and a bombing plane converging on the same point at the same time, could not be staged effectively at all. As far as the physical movement goes it might be televised or filmed, but a great deal would be lost if the family was particularised in visual images.

For it has been reserved to Mr. Macdonogh to find the perfect image of the particular plight of our time. Others have written plays about the bomb, including Charles Morgan and Val Gielgud himself. Nobody has focused the essential drama of it quite so clearly and movingly as Mr. Macdonogh, who has seen the truth compassionately and seen it whole.

Then Val Gielgud, with a real radio play under his hand at last, and the kind of understanding of it that comes from having written a drama on the same theme, really took off, and sent an unerring dramatic line soaring into the heart of the matter. The B.B.C. might do a lot worse than repeat 'Nevada Pastoral' on United Nations Day.

What happens in it is that the bomber, delayed by storms which give its crew brief leave for living ordinary lives, at last sets out to drop a test X-bomb on a village built and stocked for that pernicious purpose with everything but human beings. Into the test area stray the father, the mother, the small son, and their donkey. With superb tact



'Kind Cousin' on September 24, with Mary Kerridge (left) as Anna, Marjorie Forsyth as Abby, and Fay Compton (seated) as Sarah Coates





# What! No Whistles?

After a few years a radio is like an old friend whose eccentricities we tolerate because we've grown used to them.

But there comes a time . . . . .

You know the sort of thing; background whistles, unexplained fading (you never know if it's you or the B.B.C.), the buzz that you swear is caused by next-door's vacuum cleaner (except that it happens when they are on holiday as well). Knobs that slip, switches that stick and stations marked with stamp edging on the dial that has been out of date for years.

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and judgement, Mr. Macdonogh leaves it to our imagination, heightened by our sense of their ominously universal predicament, to see in this little group the Holy Family, or at least what is holy in the family. They come, tired and famished, to the deserted village and are puzzled by its abandoned abundance.

Then the plane comes, making its trial run across the village, and as drama and our own life-sense completely fuse we listen in an agony of suspense. At the last moment, the smoke of the cooking fire is glimpsed, a split second before the village was due to disappear in a monstrous mushroom of smoke. The pilot, who has been haunted by premonitions of impending tragedy, turns and heads for home.

At a safe distance, backs prudently turned, the inevitable group of international high-ups can't imagine what can possibly have gone wrong with the test. In the last line of the play, one of them speaks wiser than he knows. 'The bomb does not work'.

In a very different way, and a very different play, the destruction that threatens the Princess Alarica is no less absolute. 'Alarica', broadcast in the Third Programme last week, is said to be the first play by the contemporary French author Jacques Audoubert to be heard in this country. If it is a fair sample of his work, the Drama Department may well be about to repeat the sort of success they had in introducing us to the early Anouilh and Ugo Betti. 'Alarica', indeed, is rather like an early Anouilh play with a Ugo Betti ending. That is, it centres on the wonderfully romantic love-affair of a very young girl, and then brings her whole world of illusion crashing about her ears. In this case she is a princess who is a victim of *realpolitik*. But the experience has made a woman of Alarica in more senses than one, it has made a queen of her. She usurps the throne of her country from her father, the king with a crutch, determined to drain the marshes (without acknowledgement to Faust), to use the power that is evil for the good for which she mistook it.

Joan Plowright has currently taken over a part from Dorothy Tutin with success. Miss Plowright smites me as a character actress and comedienne of high promise. She certainly did not make a bad job of Alarica, but she will forgive me for saying that this is a part that I would like to see Dorothy Tutin take over from her if the play is ever to be staged in this country.

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Modern Philosophy

DURING THE LAST few years the Third Programme has given more emphasis than before to talks on philosophy, and some of them have produced the liveliest controversies in the correspondence columns of this journal, professional wrangles which must have made the interested layman feel something of an outsider. For in England today to be a philosopher means that one is a professional philosopher, working primarily for an enclosed and largely professional group, a group that is only too conscious of the truth of Bertrand Russell's remark that 'a stupid man's report of what a clever man says is never accurate, because he unconsciously translates what he hears into something that he can understand'.

Although I don't think of myself as 100 per cent. stupid I always feel I am doing precisely this when I listen to philosophical talks on the wireless. Though the speakers are presumably told that they must not write as if they were doing an article for *Mind*, their talks invariably demand an intellectual nimbleness I lack. Passages which a reader could puzzle out must

go by the board for many listeners without a philosophical training.

I expect I shall put my foot in it by making some comments here on the recent series of talks on contemporary moral philosophy; but, as the purpose of the talks was to enlighten the layman and to bring the philosopher a little closer to the sawdust and orange peel, I shall intrepidly go ahead. The words that have most stuck in my mind came from the opening of Mr. Stuart Hampshire's deeply considered talk on 'Two Types of Morality'. An Indian student once said to him, 'I do not understand why you are always talking about action and conduct; you should be concerned not with doing good, but with being good'. Modern English philosophy in general could not be accused of even a concern in doing good, but throughout the talks I seemed to catch glimpses of a nagging conscience about the essential detachment of modern philosophers from explicit moral concern. It was a question brilliantly discussed by Mr. Patrick Gardiner in a talk called 'Can Moral Philosophy be Neutral?' He suggested that though the analytical philosopher may feel that he is as well placed as anybody else to form moral judgements, he does not feel them to be his professional concern. His concern is with the nature of the 'moral language'. With great ingenuity Mr. Gardiner later argued that although the analyst leaves the question of moral choice to the individual this in itself is a moral attitude, and that the involvement in language is ultimately not neutral, is an involvement of a moral kind. Mr. Gardiner was persuasive, all his logical cogs had the appearance of fitting with accuracy, and yet, at the end of his talk, I couldn't help thinking that he was shooting out arms towards the best of both worlds.

I would love to hear a discussion between Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Hampshire on this subject. At the centre of Mr. Hampshire's talk lay the conviction that the philosophy of mind cannot be divorced from ethics. For him the philosopher's job is to conceive a view of the human mind and personality on which a valid system of morals may be based. It was an authentic touch of the humanistic spirit, and I wanted him to add that in every man's life there probably comes a time when he wishes to be a philosopher in this sense, and turns to philosophy or religion for his guidance. But modern philosophy itself turns away from this responsibility, is not interested in the moment of the individual's moral awakening, those moments when Plato's 'lovers of sights and sounds' who 'do not have the power of thought to behold and to take delight in Beauty itself' begin their aspirations. The classical view of the purpose of philosophy has been that it should provide a guide through the large, open and perceptible parts of life rather than among its finer nerves and vessels, which will always escape analysis since the certain truths in the world are limited. 'Heav'n', said Pope,

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,  
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state.

We can see today what can be lost in the analysis of the nerves and vessels, and I thought I could see here and there in these talks signs of nostalgia for the older belief about the purpose of philosophy—a wish for the actual pursuit of *arête* rather than the most brilliant analysis of the progress of the hunt.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC

### 'The Ring' at Covent Garden

IN PLACE OF the annual recording of the Bayreuth production, the B.B.C. is giving listeners the opportunity of hearing 'The Ring' per-

formed at Covent Garden under the direction of Rudolf Kempe. It is very easy to pick holes in any performance of 'The Ring'. A horn-player blunders, a singer comes in a bar too soon, the man on the switchboard gets the lights wrong, Alberich's metamorphoses under the Tarnhelm are bungled—and so on and so forth. But, when one considers that this vast and complex drama is staged only twice in twelve months with a heterogeneous cast of singers, the wonder is not that there are occasional mishaps, but that so high a standard of performance and of consistency in production is attained.

Rudolf Kempe has two outstanding merits as a Wagnerian conductor. He sees and can control the shape of great stretches of music, building them up towards the dramatic climaxes which, when they arrive, are of overwhelming grandeur. His handling of the first and third acts of 'Die Walküre' was magnificent in this respect. In the second place he knows how to get the orchestra to accompany and support the voices, so that the singers are able (such of them as can do it at all) to make their words clearly audible. Rarely have I been able to hear so much of Wagner's text.

On the other hand, the conductor's evident determination to keep 'Das Rheingold' in its place as an introduction to the drama proper did result in a subnormal temperature throughout most of its length. And the score of the *Vorabend*, being still at the transitional stage between 'Lohengrin' and the full glory of 'Die Walküre' can least stand tepid treatment. Kempe's precise care for detail resulted in the music sounding prim. By stamping out the accents in the passage that introduces the giants he deprived the theme not only of its lumbering, rolling gait, but of its brutish power. Hunding's theme, too, lacked its tremendous menace, and in the opening bars of the Prelude to 'Die Walküre' the lower strings put so much emphasis on the *staccato* that there was no sense of urgency, of movement towards a tragic situation. Until the storm broke, the music was static.

On the stage there was some excellent singing from the principals, notably from Hans Hotter, a majestic Wotan, who is terrible in his wrath, deeply moving in his anguish at the thwarting of his will, and capable of infusing into his tone at times, if not as often as he should, a melting tenderness. With the orchestra's support he carried his long narrative in the second act of 'Die Walküre' from a quiet *parlando* to its despairing vision of doom in a wonderfully controlled *crescendo* of tone and dramatic expression. Who could dismiss that as a piece of tedious loquacity?

As his antagonist in 'Das Rheingold' Otakar Kraus repeated his powerful and admirably sung performance. This is an Alberich to be reckoned with, an embodiment of evil power presented musically and not through ugly vocal sounds. He had in Peter Klein's Mime an admirable foil, to whose reappearance in 'Siegfried' I look forward.

Birgit Nilsson's Brünnhilde is strong and young of voice, sometimes subtle in expression but, not unnaturally, often immature in her conception of the part, of which the greatest tests are yet to come. Ramon Vinay's athletic Siegmund and Sylvia Fisher's lyrical Sieglinde were as admirable as ever, even though the tenor's upper notes were less beautiful than when we first heard him. Among the lesser characters Robert Allman's Donner was outstanding. For once the Thunder God had authority and power of voice. Elsewhere there was some feeble singing, notably from the Rhinemaidens and the lesser Valkyries, and both Fricka and Hunding were well below the average attained by the other principals.

As it coincided with 'Das Rheingold', I had to miss Rudolf Schwarz' first concert as director



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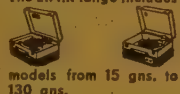
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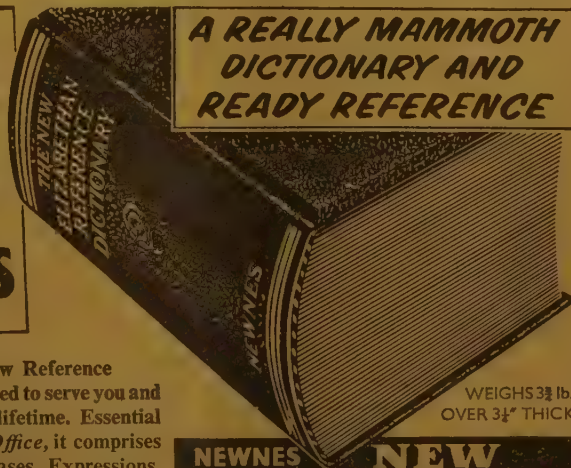
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of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. On Saturday he paid tribute to Sibelius with a fine performance of 'Tapiola' preceded by an impressive, and unfamiliar, Funeral March. In Mahler's First Symphony, which followed, it was again the funeral march, a grotesque one, that came

off best, although the rest was capably played.

I listened to Miss Anna Russell's programme on the previous Monday in the hope of getting the low-down on 'The Ring' and so making up for missing, through attendance at Covent Garden, the high-up (if that is the correct anto-

nym) delivered once more by Ernest Newman. Miss Russell did not oblige with that, but made me laugh a lot with her burlesque French folk-song and her ingenious conflation of Schubert's and Schumann's songs. It was great fun to hear—once.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Intellect and Intuition in Busoni's Operas

By DONALD MITCHELL

'Arlecchino' will be broadcast at 8.50 p.m. on Friday, October 11, and at 8.0 p.m. the next day (both Third)

IT is curious what a flow of words, a flood of theorising, the art of opera has provoked. The torrent of commentary, moreover, has not simply been the work of the professional scribes. In many cases the composer himself has weighed in with a hefty essay, a rationalisation of his contribution to a notoriously irrational form of entertainment.

There are, of course, many and valid reasons why composers take to the pen when an opera is in the air. We may wonder at Wagner's voluminous ruminations (how on earth did he find time to write them and the operas?), but when we pause and recall the audacious novelty of his conceptions we soon realise why he felt bound to back up his new sounds with the printed, explanatory word; and the newer the sounds, the more extended the explanation.

Then there are the exchanges between composer and librettist (and/or producer or designer), some of which—the Strauss-Hofmannsthal correspondence is the most famous example—enable us to peer, in depth, into the workshop in which opera is created. Even Mozart, scarcely loquacious on the subject of music, wrote reams to his father about the organisation of 'Idomeneo'. In short, the business of putting an opera together, of manoeuvring into a meaningful relation music, text, décor, and then putting the whole across to audiences as fanatical as they are unpredictable, is a highly complex undertaking. Small wonder that so many composers, minor and major, have thought out aloud and spaciouly in letters and articles, expounding their operatic projects to their collaborators and, eventually, their public.

To a substantial degree, then, we may expect a cloud of expository words to form part of opera's peculiar world. A singularly self-conscious world, one may think, but the mechanics of the medium must have it so. A paradox creeps in when we remember that while any amount of dramatic theory and contrivance may be essential to opera, no amount of either will float a work whose composer does not display that flair for the stage that is the mark of the successful theatrical musician.

It is just this flair—this spontaneous dramatic gift—that even the most theoretically-minded of operatic composers have possessed, what both Strauss (at his best) and Wagner possessed, for example; and there has been an instance recently, in Schönberg's masterpiece, 'Moses und Aron', of a most remarkably literate, didactic musical intelligence unfolding just that scarcely definable flair that we recognise in the ultra-stageworthiness of works by masters like Verdi and Puccini.

There can be no doubt that Busoni's works for the theatre, 'Die Brautwahl', 'Arlecchino', 'Turandot', and 'Doktor Faust', represent a very serious, high-minded contribution to modern opera. In a sense, what he wrote about them, and about the problems of opera in general, will guarantee his operas a permanent

measure of attention. For Busoni was an often profound, penetrating, and original musical thinker, and what he thought, he demonstrated, not only in word but musical deed. But whether his operas have that flair that betrays the natural theatrical composer is another matter altogether.

A collection of his essays (translated by Rosamond Ley) has been published in London this year under the title *The Essence of Music*\*; the wide range of subjects covered therein pays tribute to the scope of his speculative intellect. His own music, of course, was no less a potential topic of discussion than, say, Liszt's or Mozart's; and true to the expository vein in which we have noted that composers of opera tend to indulge, there are papers on 'Arlecchino' and 'Doktor Faust'.

Many of Busoni's thoughts on 'Arlecchino' are enlightening. We learn something of the work's origins and its 'meaning':

The sketch for the libretto . . . originated in the spring of 1914 when there was still no war to fear. This sketch . . . was decisive . . . for the later version (October 1914). The slaughter which had broken out between was the cause of the original 'Turks' of the libretto being changed into 'Barbarians'. . . . I got the idea for 'Arlecchino' from the masterly performance of an Italian actor . . . who tried to re-introduce the old *commedia dell'arte*, and in it he spoke and played the role of my hero surpassingly well. At the same time I got to know the Roman marionette theatre and their performance of the little comic opera by Rossini when he was twenty ('The Travelling Bag or Opportunity Makes the Thief') left a deep impression on me. My *Theatralisches Capriccio* arose out of these two experiences. The first of them exercised an appreciable influence on the poetry, the second on the composition.

So much for the outward stimuli that motivated what Busoni called 'a dramatised confession'. He continued elsewhere, in 'Apropos of "Arlecchino"':

[The piece] is less than a challenge and more than a jest. To feel it as a challenge is putting it at a disadvantage, and to represent it as something not to be taken seriously is to belittle it. In the end it stands almost 'jenseits von Gut und Böse'—beyond Good and Evil—with an inclination towards the good. And finally, it is an independent work of art. Its incidental content of confession and instruction is not important enough to cross the path of what is artistic or to turn it away from that path. . . . Is it pleasing? Has it significance? . . . At least it is pleasing in the lightness of the action and anyhow significant in the sense that it hides a meaning in itself, and consequently hides something. On the other hand, it has a tendency to ambiguity and hyperbole in order to place the listener, momentarily, in a position of slight doubt; it adheres consciously to the constant play of colour between grim jest and playful seriousness, and this is carried on throughout.

In that passage, the ethical overtones are pronounced enough; but although 'Arlecchino' efficiently releases its 'meaning' in the four well-defined sections that go to make up its one act

(Harlequin pictured as wag, warrior, husband, and victor), it is perhaps typical that the 'ethical idea' of the piece spilled over to form a purely literary pendant to the opera, the unpublished 'Der Arlecchineide Fortsetzung und Ende'.

Busoni's own superb intelligence spotlights the questions that the listener has to ask himself upon experiencing 'Arlecchino'. (Or 'Doktor Faust', for that matter: these two operas sum up the composer's dramatic ideals.) Whether, in fact, the 'content of confession and instruction' does not obstruct the 'path of what is artistic'. Do we not sense that 'Arlecchino', despite its extraordinary competence (Busoni: ' . . . it belongs to the scores that are made carefully and fastidiously'), is wanting in natural invention, in un-selfconscious inspiration? Can we be quite sure that Busoni, while intending to place the listener 'in a position of slight doubt', has not overstepped the mark and made so much ambiguous that a slight doubt becomes a permanent uncertainty?

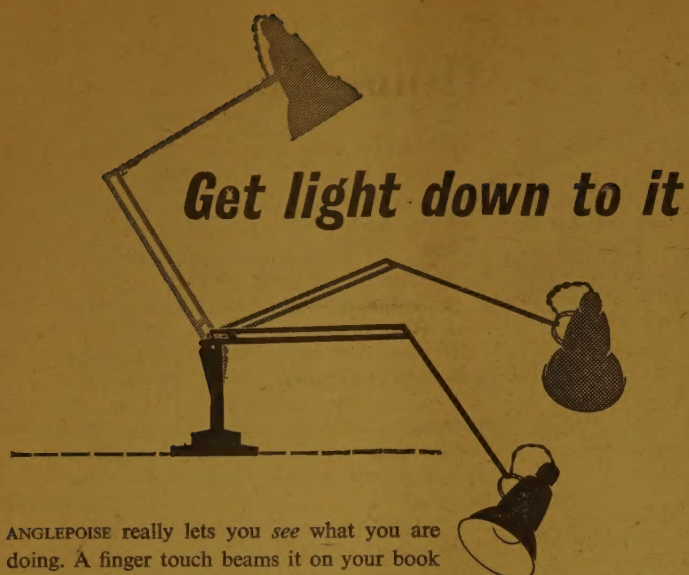
More than that: the ambiguity seems to be even more deep-seated, to have distorted the composer's judgement of his artistic aim. The music of 'Arlecchino' is preponderantly parodistic and ironic—two spheres of ambiguity—and though there is ample theoretical, contextual justification for Busoni's adoption of these techniques, the impression left is curiously negative, as if the composer were holding ready in his hand an answer to possible criticism of his opera's pastiche, its comprehensive eclecticism: 'Oh, but you mustn't take that seriously: it's a parody (a pun, a jest, an allusion, etc.).'

What is one to take seriously? One cannot altogether escape the conclusion that 'ambiguity and hyperbole' between them can spare a composer the responsibility of committing himself to a style of his own.

Likewise, one cannot but remark upon the number of classical quotations that occur in 'Arlecchino'. Once again the apparent textual justification is plain; yet the jokes—the quotation from 'Don Giovanni', the Donizetti air to which Harlequin recruits Matteo (the same air, transformed into a funeral march, sees Matteo off on active service)—the jokes, somehow so right in theory, don't quite come off. They smack a little of a composers' Senior Common Room. The most beautiful and original music in the opera we know also as the 'Sonatina *ad usum infantis*'—whether the opera quotes the piano Sonatina or *vice versa* is a bibliographical detail some Busoni scholar might settle. In any event, the 'infantis' music (Columbine's *Scena e Aria*, her *Arietta*, and part of the opera's finale) is 'Arlecchino's' major inspiration and obviously was of central significance to Busoni himself.

However much is said and subtracted, Busoni's brilliant, luminous intelligence remains. His stage works bask in the light of it. If they lack anything, it is the burning lamp of intuition—flair.





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- grated lemon rind

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Bread will always go mouldy in a closed container, for bread must have air. The best way to keep it fresh is to wrap it in a clean, dry cloth and store it in a well-ventilated place. If you keep it in a bread tin, be sure it is well ventilated, and, even with ventilation holes, it is advisable to keep the lid tilted. Keep the utensil scrupulously clean. Scald it out once a week and dry it thoroughly. It is true that wholemeal bread does go off more quickly than white. This is because it contains the germ of wheat which makes it so nourishing. Perhaps you have too much at once. I make my wholemeal bread twice a week and have no difficulty in keeping it.

DORA SEATON

—Home Service

## Notes on Contributors

AIDAN CRAWLEY (page 495): journalist and radio commentator; M.P. (Labour) Buckingham Division of Buckinghamshire 1945-51; author of *Escape from Germany*

SIR CONRAD CORFIELD, K.C.I.E. (page 497): served in the Indian Civil Service from 1920-47 principally in the Indian States

MICHAEL HOWARD (page 499): Lecturer in War Studies, London University

MICHAEL PATTRICK (page 505): Principal of the Architectural Association School of Architecture

LADY HARTY, C.B.E. (page 511): was a soprano professional singer under her maiden name of Agnes Nicholls and took part in concerts, festivals, and operas throughout the world

LAWRENCE GOWING, C.B.E. (page 523): Professor of Fine Art, Durham University, and Principal of King Edward VII School of Art, Newcastle upon Tyne; author of *Vermeer, Renoir*, etc.

HONOR TRACY (page 525): journalist; author of *Silk Hats and No Breakfast*; *Straight and Narrow Path*; *Mind You, I've Said Nothing*; *Forays in the Irish Republic*, etc.

W. BARING PEMBERTON (page 529): author of *Lord Palmerston*; *William Cobbett*; *Lord North*, etc.

K. W. GRANSDEN (page 533): poet; author of *John Donne*

SIR MALCOLM DARLING, K.C.I.E. (page 536): served in the Indian Civil Service from 1904-40; Indian Editor, B.B.C. 1940-44; engaged on survey of agricultural labour in Pakistan, 1953-54; author of *At Freedom's Door*; *Wisdom and Waste in the Punjab Village*, etc.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS (page 539): Director and Permanent Secretary, Zoological Society of London, since 1952; author of *Sea Elephant*, etc.

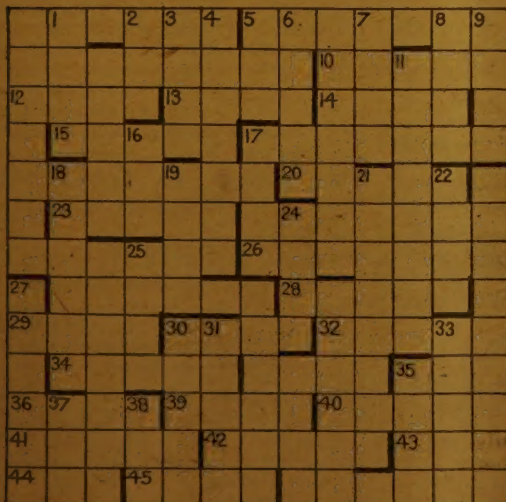
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## By Simmo

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Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 10. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The twenty unclued lights are characters from well-known operas. Unchecked letters are to be found in *Magic Titles*, and one hyphen is to be ignored.

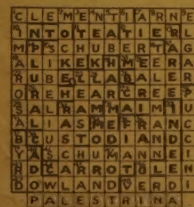
### CLUES—ACROSS

10. '... brantgeese, harlequins and —s' (Kingsley) (5)
12. To bathe is in order after activity (4)
13. Rich German identified with oil (4)
14. Most of a certain number of words in law give mixed entertainment (4)
15. Malformed skull showing one tooth (5)
20. Usual answer to the call of the sea (5)
- 23R. Old Japanese gold piece of a round ornament (5)
26. An odd single is about all the unsteady later batsmen get in high spirits (7)
28. Change disposition of rear to rear (5)
29. Light breeze partly to a northerly direction (4)
30. The breadth of a tree (4)
32. The point of a fish-hook (5)
34. Loamy soil cultivated for fruit (5)
- 35 & 43R. Store of fish and oil (not crude oil) (6)
36. How a Scotsman yields awkwardly to patronage (4)
39. Fall headlong in the bombed site (4)
- 40 & 38R. Certain elements put an old fool into confused suspense (8)
41. Part of the Bible about one composition (5)
42. About one part of the Bible (5)
44. Something to wear with solitary shell (3)
45. Something to wear turned round woolly animal (4)

### DOWN

- 1R. A mere fragment of Puccini (4)
2. Weary from a lot of butter without plate (3)
3. The middle is not normally the bowler's right (4)
4. When to touch most of one's relatives for residue (7)
5. A term of mendacity for once contemptible townsman (3)
- 6R. A verbal atomic chain reaction? (5)
7. Play till set another way (4)
8. New-born suggests a certain fluid (4)
9. Mixed blood introduces point of argument (4)
11. Horometrical art—even in the ding! (8)
- 16R. A letter of credit without paltry entanglement (3)
17. Carper doesn't come fully to the point (4)
18. A small lump is required for deity (6)
19. Punishment received badly (4)
21. Player until set another way (8)
22. An estate free of feudal tie has a different charge (4)
24. A double sulphate to poison the beetle (4)
25. Obsolete till not counted—money missing (4)
27. Chain joining animal and girl (6)
- 31R. Impertinence is unseemly in legal action (5)
- 33R. An alloy for naval guns (5)
37. A mouthful of half an extract (3)
- 38 & 5R. Rotten (6)

## Solution of No. 1,425



Prizewinners: 1st prize: E. J. Brady (Whitley Bay); 2nd prize: D. E. M. Craggs (West Kirby); 3rd prize: A. C. Dickins (London, S.W.3)

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